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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 99
EDITORIALS:
Minnesota, the Nonpartisan League, and the Future 102
Law—Not War 103
Are We Americans Thieves? 103
Monkeying 104
THOSE TERRIFYING FARMERS. By William Hard 105
YOUTH AND THE AMERICAN COLLEGES. By Norman Thomas 106
STRAY THOUGHTS ON A COLLEGE PILGRIMAGE. By William A. Robson 108
BOSTON: A JOURNALISTIC POOR-FARM. By Oswald Garrison Villard 109
DEATH-WATCH. By Vincent Starrett 111
A FAR CRY. By Zona Gale 112
"VACATION" AT SAN QUENTIN. By Miriam Allen de Ford 114
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 115
CORRESPONDENCE 115
BOOKS:
French Masters. By Ben Ray Redman 118
The Idea of Space. By George Boas 119
Girls and Their Wishes. By Sarah N. Cleghorn 119
Suggestion and Digestion. By John E. Lind 120
Sinbad. By Herbert J. Seligmann 120
The Middle Ages. By Harry Elmer Barnes 121
Culture and Civilization. By J. J. Smertenko 121
A Pleasant Essayist. By Rex Hunter 121
Books in Brief 122
MUSIC:
The Elder Singers. By Pitts Sanborn 122
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
The Trouble on the Saar 124
The League's Resolution 124
The Old Saar Decree 124
The New Saar Decree 126

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LEONARD WOOD began his term as Governor of the Philippines by proclaiming his belief that the Filipinos had too much self-government, and he has continued by acting upon his belief. The Filipinos, naturally, resent it. General Wood vetoed the ten-year university program and more than a dozen other bills. He attempted to force the Filipinos to sell their successful government-owned and operated railroad to private New York interests, but met such opposition that he had to give up his project. He sought to close out the sugar centrals which served the small sugar growers, and is still endeavoring to force abandonment of the Philippine National Bank. He has consistently neglected and insulted the responsible Philippine officials. Recently he refused to permit remission of local taxes, as advised by the Filipinos, in certain regions that had been devastated by locusts and typhoons. It was a proverbial straw that broke the camel's back. General Wood reinstated and honorably discharged a Manila police official who had been suspended by Filipino officials although acquitted in court of the charge against him. The Filipino members of the Council of State, the departmental secretaries, the presidents of the Senate and the House, and the mayor of Manila, resigned their offices in protest against his "desire to intervene and to control, even to the smallest details, the affairs of our government, both insular and local, in utter disregard of the authority and responsibility of the department heads and other officials concerned." When this was reported at Washington Secretary Weeks immediately stated that the Government stood squarely behind Wood. That was like Mr. Weeks; but we hope that Mr. Harding will not be so Junkerish. His word is pledged to the Filipinos that there will be "no backward step"; the only way to redeem it is to remove the bully, Leonard Wood.

FOLLOWING, as it does, reports of strong pressure exercised by the die-hard section, the announcement that the British note on the Ruhr received, in its final form, the unanimous assent of the Cabinet tends to discourage the hopes raised earlier of vigorous intervention by the new Premier. The situation recalls too closely the story of how, at Paris, Lloyd George suffered his better judgment to be overcome by the notorious telegram from his parliamentary supporters. Is the world today incapable of producing a statesman who will take his courage in both hands and firmly pursue what he believes to be the right course, regardless of the effect upon the political fortunes of himself and his party? Opinion in England just now is looking more and more to the United States as the deciding factor in the crisis. A protest from Great Britain alone, it is feared, will accomplish little or nothing, even if accompanied by definite and feasible plans, but if backed up by America as well as Italy it might detach Belgium from the side of France, and M. Poincaré would then think twice before condemning his own country to utter isolation. It is on Mr. Hughes's New Haven speech that reliance is placed for the expectation of American support, but those who set their confidence on a pronouncement of his made as long ago as last November do not know the Secretary of State as well as his fellow-countrymen do. Here, too, the exigencies of domestic politics may induce second thoughts, and promote the discovery, in Bacon's words, of "a window to fly out at or a secret door to retire by."

IN Germany, meanwhile, the limits to human endurance are coming gradually but sensibly nearer. It may be that there will be no single moment at which organized society will suddenly and dramatically collapse, as by an earthquake shock. When an individual dies of starvation, he does not drop down dead in the street, but wastes away in obscurity at home, until some day the last atom of strength quietly leaves his emaciated body. It is not in one convulsive spasm that a nation gives up the struggle, but its fate comes upon it at the end of a process of steadily weakening resistance to the forces of disintegration. The rural districts, with their nearness to sources of food supply, may be able to hold out for a considerable time after the congested industrial centers have reached the end of their tether. Fatal riots in Breslau, where food stores and hotels have been raided by large crowds, are an ugly symptom, and indicate what must be expected in other great cities. The Breslau mobs are reported to have gathered under Com-

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munist leadership, but, when the bare necessities of life are as hard to come by as they are in Germany today, popular uprisings do not depend on political propaganda for their instigation. Law and order cannot be maintained for an indefinite period in such an ordeal as that through which the German people are now passing.

BY inviting Soviet Russia to sign with them the convention establishing a new regime for the straits that separate Asia from Europe the Allies have taken one more step in the halting progress toward recognition which began with the trade agreements and continued at Genoa and Lausanne. Virtually every European government now maintains some sort of an official commission in Moscow, and their citizens have consular protection in doing business in Russia. The question of *de jure* recognition has become a mere matter of diplomatic jockeying. In Asia Soviet Russia is even more firmly established. The United States lags behind, most besotted of all the great nations. Mr. Hughes has just given new expression to his muddle-headedness. He is not yet quite sure that the Soviet Government is well established (what of Guatemala and Egypt, Mr. Hughes?); the persons of our citizens are for the moment free from harm, he says, but, like a child in a dark attic, he fears the possibility of harm; property has been confiscated (after all, he might recall the Emancipation Proclamation and the Prohibition Amendment); and the leaders of Russia are still prophesying world revolution (somehow, it does not frighten us). Consistency, Emerson said, is a vice of little men; when a statesman is wrong and knows that he is wrong it is something more than a vice.

CALIFORNIA has left nothing untried in persecuting the I.W.W. She has arrested them wholesale, submitted them to almost every form of prison torture, supported professional anti-I.W.W. witnesses who earn a living testifying to "I.W.W. crimes," arrested witnesses who seemed to sympathize with them on the theory that such witnesses must be equally guilty with the defendants, and now Judge Charles O. Busick of Sacramento County has gone farther yet. He has granted a temporary injunction which makes mere membership in the hated organization contempt of court, so that I.W.W.'s may be sentenced by a judge without bothering about a jury trial. Several juries have recently acquitted I.W.W.'s despite the plain intent of the State anti-syndicalism act to outlaw them, and Judge Busick's procedure has obvious advantages from the standpoint of men who believe perjury, torture, and even murder justifiable when used against I.W.W.'s, as many Californians seem to do. This is, however, a new departure in Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence; it is hard to believe that even California courts will sustain so obvious an attempt to do away with the right of trial by jury.

JUDGE-MADE law, however, is not waning in these United States, and there are times when we are tempted to hope that the courts will continue arrogating power to themselves until the people wake up and take effective action to curb so flagrant an abuse. Mr. Daugherty's handy man, Judge Wilkerson of Chicago, recently made permanent the scandalous temporary injunction by which he sought to break the shopmen's strike on the railroads last year. The injunction restrained railroad unions from interference with the operation of the railroads; in other words, from striking. Mr. Daugherty makes its intent plain: "No extensive strike tying up inter-State commerce will ever again take place," he says. His prophecy is, of course, nonsense; but the attempt to use the courts to break a strike is evident. Up and down the country, East and West, North and South, this abuse of the power of judges, perverting them into weapons of industrial warfare, is a daily occurrence. It has happened in the Brockton, Massachusetts, shoe-workers' strike and in the Buffalo clothing workers' strike. In Buffalo the courts have issued a whole flock of injunctions, even restraining employees from complaining about their working conditions in any manner to anyone except their employers, on the basis of a system of "individual contracts" which the employers had forced many workers to sign in ignorance of their contents.

THE English dock strike is largely a revolt of the plain man, and still more of the plain woman, against the statistician. An agreement made last August between the dockers and their employers provided for a reduction of a shilling a day in wages from the following October and of a further shilling as soon as the index figure of the cost of living fell ten points. This drop was reported in June, but the reduction of the second shilling, which then came automatically into effect, provoked an instant rebellion. There broke out at Hull a strike which spread rapidly to almost every other important port in the country, until at one time as many as 60,000 men were out. It was a clear breach of the agreement, and was started and carried on in defiance of the union leaders. The case of the malcontents was mainly a challenge of the statistical figures. There had been, they insisted, no such fall in the cost of living as the curve in the official chart showed. The Labor Ministry's calculations are honestly and carefully made by expert economists, but the docker's wife, when she goes to market, finds that a sixpenny bit buys no more than it did a year ago. She is therefore contemptuous of, and indignant with, government mathematics. The discrepancy may be due to a shifting of the basis on which the estimate was originally made; certain commodities, still taken into account, may have ceased to be consumed in working-class households, so that a decline in their cost does not actually relieve the working-class domestic budget. We have seen in our own country similar conflicts between the official cost of living and the cost in the kitchen.

COLUMBIA, Missouri, is the seat of culture of Missouri, the home of the State University. A Negro was lynched there last April. A member of the mob, George W. Barkwell, was recently tried for murder and acquitted. A university student identified him as the man who put the noose around the Negro's neck and shoved him off the bridge. For this the student, Charles Nutter, has been ostracized by fellow-fraternity men and threatened with lynching by the townsmen. W. E. Smith, a bank cashier, testified that he and Barkwell were talking together thirty-five feet from the Negro when he was lynched, and added: "I was standing on the bridge when I heard the crowd shout, 'There he goes.' I wanted to get a good look at the Nigger dangling, and, believe me, I did." The audience, according to the St. Louis *Star*, thereupon "howled with glee." This same Smith said he was not in the crowd at the

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jail. "Doggone it, I got there too late." Again the crowd laughed. Another witness for the defense related how he had pushed through the crowd after the lynching "to take a peek at the skunk." This, too, seemed to the citizens of Missouri's cultural capital a cause for mirth. Just what is the influence of a university?

MAJOR ENTWISTLE moved the third reading of the bill.

MR. F. N. BLUNDELL (Ormskirk, Unionist) said he believed the bill to be bad and immoral. . . . He was not afraid of telling the women that he did not propose to vote for measures he thought wrong simply because the women wanted them. (Hear, hear.) But overriding all other objections to the bill was the one that he believed the bill was contrary to the law of God. (Hear, hear.)

MR. DUNNICO (Consett, Labor) opposed the bill, which he said was the first step in a powerful campaign to make the dissolution of the marriage tie easier. Whatever tended to that end would be a fatal blow at the very foundations of our national greatness and the fabric of our homes. (Cheers.)

ANYONE might imagine, after scanning the above excerpts from the debate on the third reading of the Matrimonial Causes Bill, that the British Parliament proposed to instal a soviet system of divorce. It is a shock, therefore, to read the bill and discover that it does no more than make it possible for a man to be divorced on the same terms as a woman. Until now a man must have been proved guilty of cruelty as well as misconduct; hereafter the latter ground, as has always been true in cases against women, is cause enough. The opponents of the bill apparently hold that a divorce case—against a man—is saved from immorality by the introduction of a good beating, and that the law of God is satisfied only by evidence of cruel treatment. Nevertheless we should suppose that few men would oppose a measure which makes it possible for a man to be divorced without going to the unmannerly lengths of striking a lady. In any case the bill successfully passed both Commons and Lords and hereafter no woman seeking her freedom need exhibit her bruises in court.

IT is characteristic of the Shipping Board, with a record of appalling losses in the past, a fleet of unprofitable vessels in the present, and lack of proof that the Leviathan will pay in the future, that it should be proposing the construction of two sister ships. Indeed the Leviathan is not only still an unproved liability, but it is in danger of becoming a by-word on the high seas and a joke with the discriminating public through the tawdry and dishonest publicity ideas that the Shipping Board has doubtless inherited from its previous chairman, Mr. Lasker. After the reconditioning of the Leviathan, it was announced that it had become the world's largest liner. There had been no change whatever in the hull; the gain had been obtained through added superstructure, and so much flag-waving and eagle-screaming over a steamship originally built in Germany seemed a bit inappropriate. Still the Shipping Board seemed to have the best of the argument. That cannot be said for its latest boast, that the Leviathan is the world's fastest liner because on its trial trip it logged 687 knots in twenty-five hours, or about 27½ knots an hour. The period of time chosen is wholly arbitrary, and a claim to speed based upon it is as ridiculous as it would be for a sprinter to claim the world's championship because he had run 98 yards, 7 feet, 2⅜ inches in less time than anybody else on record. The only record that counts in the North Atlantic service is that for the entire voyage. The Leviathan's performance for that is so far an average of about 23 knots an hour, or three knots under the record of the Mauretania. The Leviathan is a great ship in which Americans may rightly take pride. It would be a pity to make the vessel a laughing-stock through advertising methods that are better adapted to the sale of shoddy clothing or a dandruff cure.

A BROAD-MINDED clergyman will sometimes invite representatives of other churches to give, from his pulpit, a series of addresses expounding the faith that is in them. One rarely hears, however, of an example of this type of religious hospitality continued Sunday by Sunday all the year round. The Presbyterian congregation that has listened to "Why I am a Baptist" and "Why I am a Methodist" is presently shepherded back to exhortations duly certified by its own denominational authorities. In journalism, J. St. Loe Strachey, editor of the *Spectator*, the leading organ of moderate Conservatism in the London weekly press, is attempting a bolder experiment. He has engaged H. W. Massingham, lately editor of the London *Nation*, to contribute every week a political article under the general heading of "The Other Side"—a title "which implies," readers are told, "that we want him to feel as free as possible to express opinions which normally will be opposed to our own." Mr. Strachey disclaims any idea that this catholicity is prompted by any special virtue on his own part. It is merely "common sense and good business," for the readers of his paper "probably prefer to reach their conclusions on any given subject after considering both sides and not only one." There is also, of course, the chance, not mentioned by Mr. Strachey, that the enlistment of so brilliant a writer among the *Spectator's* regular staff may attract new readers. Mr. Massingham, in his turn, by thus acquiring a pulpit *in partibus infidelium*, gains an exceptional opportunity of doing real missionary work for liberalism—an opportunity which, in the long run, may go far to compensate for his loss of the paper through which he rendered for so many years such valuable service to the progressive cause.

THE death of Louis Calvert at the age of sixty-three means a very genuine loss to the English-speaking stage. Although Mr. Calvert's early training was largely in Shakespearean productions and although he was brought to this country as classical producer for the New Theater in 1910, there can be no doubt that he did his best work in the plays of the moderns. He had, in playing such roles as that of Undershaft in Shaw's "Major Barbara," an effortless authority, an easy and supremely natural concreteness that are among the very rarest and most precious achievements of the actor's art. Like Moskvin of Moscow he relied on no personal advantages. A plain, obese man, it was only necessary for him to be on the stage to turn that stage from a thing of artifice to one of art and the scene from play-acting into an interpretation of reality. He was, moreover, not only a gifted artist but an intelligent man. His volume "Problems of the Actor" is one of the few genuinely sane and valuable contributions to the subject with which it deals. Mr. Calvert's loss will be felt not only by playwrights and producers but also by the pupils who, during recent years, had the good luck to have him for a teacher.

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Minnesota, the Nonpartisan League, and the Future

ROCK-RIBBED Republican Minnesota has twice within a twelvemonth voted a Farmer-Labor candidate into the United States Senate, and the politicians are filling the newspapers with explanations. One of the most curious features of their multifold explanations is that no one, not even the American Defense Society, dug out the literature of three or four years ago and blamed the farmers' revolt upon that sinister Trotzky of the Northwest—A. C. Townley, the organizer of the Nonpartisan League, the symbol of Red Russia (in the words of the ancient literature of three years ago) in the heart of agricultural America. Mr. Townley seems to have thrown such influence as was left to him in Minnesota against Magnus Johnson, and almost the only report of the "N. P. L." which reached New York newspapers during the campaign was the announcement of the death of the *National Leader*, successor to the *Nonpartisan Leader* and only survivor of an erstwhile host of League newspapers.

Yet the spirit which gave the Nonpartisan League its temporary success is obviously the same spirit which gave La Follette his five-to-one majority in Wisconsin a year ago, which sent Frazier and Wheeler and Brookhart and Shipstead and Dill and Howell to the Senate, and which has just given Magnus Johnson his 80,000 majority over Jacob Preus in Minnesota. What happened to the League?

The fact is that this farmer organization which appeared with such dramatic suddenness on the Western horizon in the years 1915-17 was the product of the driving energy of a few individuals applying to the political organization of farmers the methods of modern salesmanship. Even more than the evils which were capitalized and inveighed against (they were neither of recent origin nor as oppressive as they have since become) and more than the proposed remedies of State ownership and operation, which were hardly novel, the key to the sudden growth of the Nonpartisan League lay in the large-scale application of intensive book-agent or oil-stock-selling technique, supported by a not less carefully worked-out literature. The result was the unique spectacle in American national life of a political party financed, and adequately financed, from the bottom up, by the rank and file, instead of from the top down. Despite the most diligent muckraking no charges against the probity of the League's leadership, or of A. C. Townley himself, have ever been substantiated, although a looseness of financial accounting, an absence of real responsibility to the rank and file, and a readiness to embark upon new ventures without the necessary experience and personnel have undoubtedly been shown.

With the collapse of the American agricultural market in 1921 the Nonpartisan League suddenly found it impossible to continue organization on the commercial basis which had proved so sound in the years of farm prosperity. An income which had reached a total figure of several million dollars was suddenly cut off, and large sums in post-dated checks, a very important bit of detail worked out to facilitate the task of political salesmanship, could not be collected. As an organization the League had to cease functioning. The Minnesota headquarters were shut down and the League newspapers, one by one, were sold.

But although the visible machinery largely melted away, a sentiment and a point of view had been established in the minds of hundreds of thousands of farmers and ranchers in North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Oregon, Washington, Colorado, Oklahoma, and in lesser degree in other Western and Northwestern States. Agricultural depression has strengthened and corroborated what the League preached; and many a well-to-do rancher who refused to be coerced, hypnotized, or persuaded into giving up $16 or $18 in 1918 or 1920 would gladly pay it if he had it in 1923. It was the League's preparation-work which made it possible in the summer of 1922 to crystallize the sentiment for united farmer-labor action with a bare minimum of expenditure. These small funds the railway brotherhoods and miners supplied. Although hardly anticipating the day when organized labor would finance farmer organizations for the purpose of securing agricultural support for labor's national program, the leadership of the League had from the first stressed the identity of the interests of farmers and city workers. Unity was easily achieved. As a result the League, which had originally been concerned chiefly with State issues and programs, although its organization methods and financial control were national, placed increasing stress on national political issues at the very time when its national organization was disappearing. The obvious influence of European depression upon agricultural prices also facilitated the increased emphasis upon national issues.

Nonpartisan League sentiment still exists with near-religious fervor in thousands of Western communities, even though almost nothing continues in the way of a visible church, and so long as the price of wheat is low this sentiment will be a factor of political significance. But unless the sentiment is focused in permanently functioning economic organizations the movement will fade out as completely as the futile Populist movement of the nineties. Mass movements are temporary and evanescent unless grounded in economic organizations functioning three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. Strong local groups, the heart of any large organization of individuals, cannot be maintained if their only vital functions are performed but once in two years. The League's best efforts at holding local groups together on the basis of political discussions and education proved futile. But a growing number of specialized commodity organizations are functioning continuously and deepening the farmer's sense of producer's class-consciousness. The fact that Minnesota farmers stand in the vanguard of the American cooperative movement may have much to do with the fact that Minnesota leads the Farmer-Labor political movement. Senator Brookhart has returned from Europe afire with the gospel of cooperation. Here, perhaps, lies the chief hope that this new agrarian movement may plow deeper and be more lasting than its predecessors. If it does not put too much faith in temporary legislative panaceas, if it works unceasingly to strengthen its economic roots, and maintains its fruitful alliance with the city workers, this movement may prove itself vastly so vital and so sanifying as to amaze the cynical wiseacres who, with considerable justification in American history, predict merely a new variation of the old-fashioned political see-saw.

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Law—Not War

FROM Argentina to Australia, in Germany, France, Russia, England, Italy, Japan, and the United States hundreds of thousands of men and women commemorate, on July 28 and 29, the ghastly days in 1914 when war cut Europe in two, by the solemn resolution that there shall be "No More War." Some of the more thoughtful, in this country particularly, have made "Law—Not War" their slogan, and are directing their energy to machinery for the adjudication of international disputes.

The ninth anniversary of the Great War comes at a gloomy moment. The outlook for a Europe dedicated to peace has never been more clouded. The Ruhr is today a steaming cauldron of hate; France and England are glowering at each other's air fleets (H. N. Brailsford writes: "Our experience of naval competition with Germany has taught us whither the new competition in the air must lead"); the Balkans are no more peaceful than in pre-1914 days; the little nations of Central Europe maintain larger armies than did their imperial predecessors; France announces her intention to conscript a half-million-man army among those poor black peoples of Africa whom "civilization" was supposed to have pacified; China is falling a prey to military bandits and the Western nations are talking of endowing her with international armies as well; Russia turns from reconstruction, almost perforce, to "air weeks," and glorifies the Red Army.

All the more need, then, for pacifists and for thundering no-more-war demonstrations. There is need for realization of what war has meant and will mean. There is need for men with the voices of prophets who will cry out, as George Lansbury wrote to the absolute pacifists of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Women's Peace Society, and the Women's Peace Union: "We stand against all wars. We believe that killing is a blasphemy and a crime against God and man. I hope that America will stand with us in trying to rid the world forever of warfare and its monstrous inventions which, unless destroyed, will annihilate all civilized peoples." These people demand the immediate abolition of armies and navies, the instruments of war. They want total disarmament and they are not content to wait until another war has tested out the expert theory that one air battle, with modern explosives, can destroy a New York or a London.

We are with them heart and soul, although we have become a little uncertain of the permanent effect of pacific proclamations. We have too warm a memory of the ardent pacifists of 1916 who adapted their convictions without difficulty to "We are for peace, but—" in 1917. It is perhaps some such doubt which has led the National Council for the Prevention of War to abandon the old international slogan "No More War" for the "more constructive" slogan "Law—Not War." Whatever emphasizes the fundamental importance of referring to judicial decision every international controversy that threatens to grow into war, whatever stresses the fact that arbitration is always more honorable than war, points in the right direction.

The trouble with the new slogan is that it is not comprehensive enough. It does not have the appeal to the heart of that bitter cry of the European masses: No More War! It even suggests, to the unwary hearer—and most hearers are unwary—some relation to the futile plans to draw up laws to regulate war. And to many it narrows the issue to the question of the World Court at The Hague. That is a pity—for it drags all the petty disagreements of national politics and with them the tragic problem of the League into a discussion which requires rather clarification.

For the issues about which we ought to be debating are not: Should we join this court or that? Is the World Court too closely linked with the League? It is the irony of fate that the American people, which has for decades led Europe in preaching the substitution of law for war, should today be hemming and hawing about the form of this court when it might be pushing the world forward toward greater readiness to use any court. Senator Borah gave us the right lead when he insisted that we must preach the gospel of compulsory jurisdiction, proclaim our own readiness to submit all our differences to judicial settlement, and invite other nations to show as much good faith. We have a great national tradition in which the names of Seward, Sumner, Root, and Bryan—yes, Bryan—bear an honorable part. If only our peace societies would all unite in proclaiming that law is always, *always* more honorable than war, and in urging Congress and the Administration to express that assurance, they might avoid the danger of contending for a shadow and contribute more certainly to the slow but ineluctable task of lifting a little of the gloom which, in these aftermath and prelude-days of war, is settling upon Europe.

Are We Americans Thieves?

"IT was the darkest hour of the war." Secretary Baker, just home from the front, reported to a group of twenty men in Washington that, according to general opinion, Paris was about to fall and the Channel ports would be taken. The news "brought gloom to every countenance and distressed every heart." But there was one of the twenty whose indomitable spirit was thereby quickened to more intense activity. A. Mitchell Palmer, Alien Property Custodian, conceived a strategic scheme far beyond anything that had entered the heads of Foch or Haig. Even at this desperate moment the enemy's victorious onset might be stayed and civilization saved—if only Germany were warned that such property as belonged to her nationals in this country would be confiscated. Threatened with this appalling calamity the Kaiser, though with so great prizes almost within his grasp, would see at once the futility of any further advance, and would sue for peace. Mr. Palmer hastened to the White House to lay this inspired project before Mr. Wilson. "I asked the President"—Mr. Palmer himself is telling the story in a United States district court—"to let me go down to the Congress and ask Congress to hit the Germans where it would hurt, to strike a blow from which they knew they would never recover, and let them know right now, as an act of war, that we proposed to Americanize this property."

There is reason to believe that Mr. Wilson did not imagine Germany would be so easily scared. But at any rate he was persuaded, after some natural demur, into agreeing to the confiscation of the industrial and commercial properties of German subjects in the United States, and authorizing the submission to Congress of a proposed amendment of the Trading with the Enemy Act in this direction. Unhappily for the testing of the merits of the scheme as a military master-stroke, it was not until the war was virtually over that the Alien Property Custodian had an opportunity

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of putting it into operation. The conversation with the President took place in March, 1918, but the amendment authorizing the seizure and sale of German patents in the United States was not approved until a week before the armistice. Accordingly, not a single one of the 4,800 patents "Americanized" was actually so treated because of war emergencies. They were all diverted to new owners during what was really, if not technically, a time of peace, and for the sake of enabling private American manufacturing interests to meet, in time of peace, the competition of the German proprietors. The action was not a war measure but bald commercial spoliation sugar-coated with patriotic phraseology.

The case now being tried at Wilmington, Delaware, is a suit in which the present Administration seeks the setting aside of the sale of German dye patents to the Chemical Foundation and their return to the Government. The evidence submitted and the arguments heard have covered a wide range of topics. Whether the courts have any right to review the war-time acts of a President or his subordinates in administering a congressional delegation of power; how far the upbuilding of a great dye-making industry is of service to national security by establishing plants that may be utilized, if need be, for the production of munitions; whether a patent is really of much value unless you have expert knowledge to profit by it; whether American soldiers were killed by being dosed with impure salvarsan—all these are matters of interest and importance, but the essential question to which the American public should apply its mind is the legitimacy of the initial transaction. Was it right or was it theft for our Government to take possession of German property in this country, not simply as a temporary measure of detention during war, but as a permanent expropriation? Was it to the office of Alien Property Confiscator or of Alien Property Custodian that Mr. Palmer and his successors were appointed? Before the war, at any rate, any international lawyer would have declared without hesitation that, according to the usage of civilized nations, private enemy property on land was of right immune from confiscation during war. And the United States in particular was so strongly convinced of the desirability of this rule as to contend again and again for the extension of the same protection to private enemy property on the high seas.

Well, whatever the law of nations might say, the German dye patents in this country have been "Americanized." (" 'Convey,' the wise it call.") The process seems to have been more rapidly effective than the Americanizing of the immigrants who reach our shores. For a Tariff Commission report lately issued shows that today we have 87 firms manufacturing annually 64,632,187 pounds of dyes, as against seven firms in 1914, manufacturing 6,619,729 pounds. Last year American manufacturers produced 93.5 per cent of the dyes actually consumed here, and with this increased output has come some reduction in prices. But no satisfaction at the establishment of a new and flourishing industry in this country can obscure the fact that this prosperity is rooted in dishonor. The gains of producer and consumer alike are based on robbery which is none the less robbery because sanctioned by act of Congress; they are the reward of the successful exploitation of stolen property. Whatever may be the result of this particular suit, we cannot believe that the American people, when they realize all that is involved, will suffer the good name of the United States to be thus tarnished.

Monkeying

NO college is entirely secure against intelligence, and the University of Tennessee has had its modest share of scholars. One of these, Professor Sprowls, prescribed in a course in psychology James Harvey Robinson's "The Mind in the Making," and was thereupon dismissed. About the same time Mrs. Philip Hamer of the history department was reprimanded for voting in a charter referendum, and told that she would be dismissed if she went to Nashville in support of the equal-rights-for-women bill. Almost simultaneously the university's comic weekly, *Mugwump*, published a poem that fell under the administrative ax.

This was in the early spring. Events have followed fast. Petitions against the dismissal of Professor Sprowls were signed by students and instructors. The Association of University Professors was asked to help. Editors of the *Mugwump* offered to resign and were told that they would be expelled if they did so. The college paper, the *Orange and White*, was told that it might not comment on any of these events. A new student paper, the *Truth*, appeared anonymously. But support came to the authorities; several of the trustees commended President Morgan for his action in dismissing Professor Sprowls, the Knoxville merchants passed resolutions of approval, and, best of all, the Methodists, Baptists, Associate Reform Presbyterians, and federated Presbyterian churches of Fayetteville, Tennessee, in a united meeting solemnly resolved:

> That we consider the great State of Tennessee fortunate in having at the head of our great university a man who has the courage to combat evil in high places; that the people of Tennessee are to be congratulated that this State institution does not follow in the footsteps of the German infidels [Darwin!] in teaching that man sprang from a lower order of beings, but that man was created in the image of God, that the Bible is the true word of God, that man was destined for a future existence.

And then, with the end of the college year, reaction went on the loose. Five more professors were dismissed. One of them, Professor Radford, head of the Latin department, had refused to answer the dean's question: "What member of the faculty was it that asked you to sign a petition?" When he was notified of his dismissal he asked the reason for it. The dean merely said that he had refused to answer certain questions. John R. Neal, professor of law, was dismissed because he was suspected of sympathy with the "student movement"; Robert S. Ellis and Asa A. Schaeffer because they signed the request for an investigation by the professors' association; Dr. Mulvania, dean of the premedical school, because he made a survey of the faculty to get suggestions for improving the university. Such, at any rate, are the reasons assigned by Knoxville newspapers; the university authorities did not bother to give any.

Behind these individual outrages lies a situation that is dangerous and terrifying. It is vividly described by President Morgan himself, who is quoted by Professor Sprowls as saying that he believed in evolution "as much or more than you" but that he feared that Tennessee was going to have a "monkey legislature" such as Kentucky had had, and that therefore it was necessary to put the "soft pedal" on evolution, much as he disliked to do it. In how many States, during the next decade, will the education of our children and the freedom of our teachers be at the mercy of "monkey legislatures"?

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Those Terrifying Farmers

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

HAVING trembled itself pretty well out on the subject of subterranean communists in the cities, Washington is now beginning once more to quake on the subject of socialistic agriculturists out of the Northwest. The communists were, and are, in fact a feeble folk numerically, and they have been greeted with shivers only by grotesquely misled or viciously misleading people.

The case is very different with the Northwestern farmers. They are in the true line of American historical development. They do not scorn "the forefathers." They think George Washington is on their side. They do not see Abraham Lincoln as the representative of Northern capitalism and wage-slavery against Southern plantationeering and chattel slavery. They see him as the great protagonist of human freedom historically for the Negroes and prophetically for themselves. They add the glamor of all American political heroic mythology, if it be a mythology, to their ardent passion for a better price for wheat.

That is the first consideration which in battle makes them terrible. They believe themselves to be in harmony with their country's origin. Never, for instance, from Henrik Shipstead, the first Farmer-Labor Senator from Minnesota, have I heard a word about American history that would not in sentiment grace the periods of an oration at Bunker Hill. The second terribleness which these farmers have is equally overlooked by their opponents who quake before them but quake for the wrong reasons—reasons which lead them quite astray in their methods of resisting Mr. Shipstead, Mr. Brookhart, Mr. Frazier, and the other recent apparitions of abiding American frontier rural radicalism. On the frontier—and elsewhere, too, but especially on the frontier—the farmer has been taught by his opponents and by his whole environment to summon the power of the state, of government, to redress almost any wrong and to cure almost any evil, great or small.

Arriving in North Dakota last year to report an election, I entered a dining-room in a hotel and noticed over the door a sign which said: "Smoking in This Room Prohibited by State Law." On inquiry I learned that the law in question —a law forbidding the use of tobacco in restaurants—had been passed by the North Dakota Legislature long before the Nonpartisan League came into power. This was a "conservative" law. It used the arm of government to prohibit a practice which at its worst is the tiniest sort of personal social inconvenience.

Looking at grander matters, the visitor is bound to notice that all these North Dakotans, all these Northwesterners, are living on land which but recently was governmental domain. The government is in a most immediate sense their parent. It gave them their homesteads. It endowed them with their livelihoods. Moreover, and even more importantly, it took vast stretches of the lands of "the people" and gave them to railroads in order to make the railroads possible and prosperous.

The silver mines of the West have for several years now been proceeding on the principle that if the price of silver is below the price of production, the difference should be contributed by the government through purchases made for the Treasury. The Pittman Law illustrated that principle; and now that the Pittman Law has expired, a steady agitation for further governmental "relief" is conducted daily by silver interests and by silver Senators.

Our new radical Senators are for the most part mere faithful reflections of this economic philosophy, as turned from the reviving of capital in distress to the reviving of distressed farm effort. Nor is a regard for capital—for their own farm capital—at all absent from their minds. If governmental purchasing of wheat, if governmental financing of marketing operations, if governmental reorganizing of grain exchanges and of stock yards should restore their lands to the altitudinous capital values which they enjoyed in 1919, and if thereby the access of the poor man to the soil should be increasingly checked, it is no part of the present national rural radical program to be alarmed by that development.

The present rural radical movement wants the price of land to go up. It wants governmental action which, if successful, will inevitably cause the price of land to go up. Philosophically there is absolutely no difference in the end between this endeavor and the parallel endeavor for bringing governmentally created prosperity, and hence artificially enhanced capital value, to silver mines.

In harmony, then, with our national worship of our national history, and in harmony also with the traditional tendency of the West to strike the rock of governmental action for the outpouring of private prosperity, these radical farmers and their representatives are conscious of no departure from our institutions, and they advance into the approaching national legislative struggle not as soldiers of any new philosophy of society but as defenders simply and explicitly of the doctrine that what the government has done on behalf of "the interests" it shall now do on behalf of "the people."

Senator Brookhart, who goes farther than any other new rural radical representative toward preaching a splendid doctrine of self-help through cooperative buying, cooperative selling, and cooperative banking, is nevertheless determined to use the power of government not merely to give a fair field to cooperative enterprises but to restrict the field of enterprises not cooperative.

The value of Senator Brookhart and of the other new rural radicals is not that they are prescribing any new medicine but that they are taking the old medicine and handing it logically around in such a way as to complete the circle. They will presently compel the country to meditate as follows:

"Is this remedy the right one? If it is, then the farmers are just as much entitled to use it as the privilege-seeking corporations which have gone before them. If it is not the right remedy, then we ought to move forward into a period of true and actual private self-help without public subsidy in the case of the chemical manufacturers to whom the government has made a virtual present of its confiscated German dye patents as well as in the case of the farmers to whom it is asked to make a present of governmentally heightened wheat prices."

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Youth and the American Colleges

By NORMAN THOMAS

IN those far-off days when William Jennings Bryan was smiting the money power instead of Darwin, and the victors of Santiago and the survivors of training camps were marching home in triumph, and men were beginning the weighty discussion: Does the twentieth century begin January 1, 1900 or 1901?—in short, at the close of the golden nineties—it was the custom for representatives of the colleges of the great State of Ohio to peddle their wares through the high schools. Many a time did the walls of the high school in Marion, Ohio (then not famous save on Erie Railroad folders) ring with the exhortations of these apostles of the higher learning: "Young men and women, statistics prove that if you will go to college your chance of getting your name in 'Who's Who,' or a good rating in Dun's or Bradstreet's, will be as sixteen to one* if you don't."

On the whole such teaching fell on stony ground—at least compared with the harvest that was to follow later sowings. There was an increase in college attendance, but it was not phenomenal. Then came the war. Its sharp harrows broke up the stony ground. Many a youth impervious to the cultural appeal of "Who's Who" learned the great lesson: the officers of a democratic army are recruited from among college men. What the army began, the wave of enthusiasm for college athletics in general, and football in particular, completed. The sons of George F. Babbitt were won for higher education.

A large and successful Y.M.C.A. advertises thus: "For Pep, Personality, Popularity, Prosperity—join our classes." Add to these athletic prestige, and you have the appeal of the average American university. It does not depend for its success on the limited appeal of culture or pure science, but on the great trinity: "practical" courses (business administration and the like), fraternities, and organized athletics.

And the greatest of these is athletics. One Pennsylvania denominational college lacking in endowment, standards, and most things that a college ought to desire set out this winter to improve itself. Its first step was to organize a drive for funds sufficient to build a stadium large enough to hold five times the population of the town in which it is located. Its open defense was that, possessed of athletic equipment and fame, all other things would be added unto it. The reasoning is characteristic of American educational institutions.

If athletic success is the local college deity, the supreme god over all for most of our students is Success, measured by the usual standards of the credit rating one possesses and the kind of automobile one drives or in which one is driven. Witness this naive editorial from the Yale *Daily News*, an editorial which the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company has widely circulated in a series of advertisements in college papers in various sections of the country:

> Someone, probably an insurance agent, was quoted recently as saying that from the mass of one hundred college graduates one individual only rose to the polo and butler class, perilously near the top of the financial ladder. Five others became comfortably off and found themselves after twenty years at the small-yacht and chauffeur stage. The other ninety-four presumably congregate in the great section of the American people who drive their own Buicks [no Yale man it would appear sinks so low as a Ford] to the golf club. In other words, dreaming about being a rich man is one thing, and making the grade is "something else again."
>
> Yet the ninety-four presumably work just as hard as the sumptuous six. Their business is the axis on which a small and uninteresting world revolves. They have become devotees of the dollar, and when the fickle deity deserts have nowhere else to turn. Jammed in a dull, straight rut of business they can never leave the road and jump the fence into finer fields of life. This, then, is the portion of the ninety-four men out of every hundred now in the campus.
>
> The answer to the problem lies in the proper choice of a career.

It would be easy to gather from this statement an impression of college life devoid of ideals and standards, cynically devoted to material ends. The impression would be false. Youth is an antidote to cynicism and to an utterly sordid materialism. Our colleges inculcate loyalty and good-fellowship. They call forth the devotion of thousands of young men and women who work their way through for other than purely selfish reasons. He does not understand American life, still less college life, who does not understand our curious capacity to join piety, friendliness, and "idealism" to the worship of Success—a capacity illustrated by every rotary club, and even an occasional chamber of commerce.

Of two of the most apparent faults of our colleges something is to be said in extenuation. First comes their tendency through classrooms and fraternity houses to turn out a standardized product. There is an old story of a father who looked vainly for his son at Yale. Finally he went home in despair and telegraphed President Hadley: "Send home my son at once." The President replied: "Which is he?" To which the answer came: "Any one will do. They all look alike."

That particular story, true or apocryphal, might be told of other colleges with more justice than of Yale today (adversity in football—or something else—has produced an intellectual awakening in New Haven). In so far as the story is illustrative, it may be explained in part by the effort of a new nation necessarily without common traditions, made up of men of all races, to create that homogeneity among its people which older nations more easily possess.

A more serious criticism of our universities has lately been proffered in Upton Sinclair's own inimitable manner. The colleges are drill grounds for our industrial potentates. They teach the greatness and glory of the God Mammon, and train his high priests. The charge is in the main true, sometimes grossly true; yet in supporting colleges our industrial magnates are not always consciously seeking to protect their power and place. They are acting often with that real belief in "education," not too closely defined, which has been a fine American quality. They are inspired less by personal interest than by a general belief in the excel-

*I do not vouch for the accuracy of this ratio. I may have confused it in the mists of memory with another more famous ratio.

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lence of the present politico-economic order. They do with the approval of their contemporaries what every generation, capitalistic or socialistic, will do: seek to give the younger generation a short-cut to the philosophy of life it has acquired.

The most recent backset to liberal education, the Amherst catastrophe, involved not merely the economic prejudices of trustees and alumni, but opposition to Mr. Meiklejohn's "skepticism" in the name of religion, and to his athletic policy in the name of success and the fame that shrieks in the columns of the sporting page. Even more did it involve the susceptibilities and prejudices of a somewhat fossilized faculty not tactfully handled. The Amherst incident is an illustration of the complexity of the problem of college educational standards and methods, rather than of simple and obvious financial control.

A more direct and definite illustration of a sordid materialism in control is to be seen in President Atwood's administration at Clark University. It is likely that the president's loyalty to reaction will not prove profitable even for his own purposes. The lack of morale at Clark needs to be seen to be fully appreciated, but the outside world has seen a number of striking manifestations of it within the last few months.

Few colleges are locked and barred against all representatives of a radical organization like the League for Industrial Democracy. If the welcome sign is not hung out, at least there is a crack where one can get in. One institution—the University of Missouri—exercised great care lest its liberal club hear Kate Richards O'Hare—its president was after a $3,000,000 appropriation from the legislature; another college would have no speaker who wrote for *The Nation* address the students at convocation; Scott Nearing is generally on the academic black-list; various student editors have been disciplined. But despite these things many university trustees would have goose-flesh if they knew how liberal some of their professors were and how ready to let "radicals" talk. If the experience and the observation of officers of the League for Industrial Democracy is a criterion, a growing honor roll of genuinely liberal administrations could be inscribed. I shall not attempt to give a complete list. East of the Rockies it would certainly include Amherst (under President Meiklejohn), Dartmouth, Oberlin, the University of Chicago, Wellesley, and Smith. The last-named college I found particularly interesting because the faculty proves to be so much more liberal than the student body.

Indeed, one must protest against the common notions of eager youth repressed by dull and reactionary masters. Better education undoubtedly would waken a finer response. The success of Reed College on the Pacific coast, the fine loyalty of Amherst students to President Meiklejohn, and the equal devotion of the graduating class at Clark University to the old traditional liberalism of that institution are proof of the readiness of many of our students to respond to other than the current educational practice. But youth is not always even moderately liberal or intellectually curious. I have before me letters from professors in a Middle Western State university and an Eastern private university who lament in almost similar language the lack of intellectual curiosity and "ideas" in the student body. They blame the homes and the schools, and there are plenty to echo their complaints.

It may appear from all this that in writing about the spirit of youth in American colleges I am writing about a non-existent or at any rate a feeble thing. Certainly there is no youth movement in the European sense, as the foreign students sent by the National Student Forum on tour of our colleges discovered. There is some liberalism, there is some revolt which goes beyond the familiar—and exaggerated—revolt of the flapper.

Particularly interesting is the growth of a journalism very critical of college idols. Readers of *The Nation* need not be told at length the stories of the *Scorpion*, published by Wisconsin students, the *Tempest* at the University of Michigan, the *Saturday Evening Pest* at Yale, and others. The experiences of their editors have been very different; their point of view is not identical; but they all would to some degree indorse the *Pest's* motto: "The beginning of doubt is the beginning of wisdom." Moreover, most of these journals of protest illustrate the shrewd observation of an experienced professor. "Students today," she told me, "know more and hope less than ten years ago." (But not all students are weighted down with knowledge. I have found appalling ignorance of European conditions. For many students the World War was a sporting event about on a par with the Dempsey-Gibbons fight.)

There are radicals in our colleges with the certainties and hopes we usually identify with young radicals. But they are few. The prophet of the minority of our youth is Mencken not Marx. Scott Nearing, whenever he is allowed to speak in a college, finds hearers and admirers, but I suspect that most of our liberals would rather be Scott Fitzgerald than Scott Nearing. First confessing my admiration of Mr. H. L. Mencken but my fear of Menckenism as a sterile thing, I must record my regret that college liberalism finds it so much easier to laugh at the "booboisie" than to understand or work with the proletariat; so much more satisfactory to criticize Main Street than to make an effort to re-create it.

I comfort myself by reflecting that it is good that our youth should be armored in something beside sentimentalism. Some disillusionment is an inevitable and wholesome reaction to the orgy of the war. If disgust of accepted standards of life is a step on the road to a truer philosophy, it will be abundantly justified.

There are, moreover, happenings in the college world which make one cautious about too critical generalizations on the qualities of college liberalism. Here and there youth is taking account of the processes of its own education with refreshing vigor and intelligence. The suggested curriculum of the Barnard students was not only a remarkable document but has aroused interest among students as far off as India. An occasional college graduate today quietly throws his lot in with labor in a practical, non-melodramatic manner that is a joy to behold. There is astir some sense of the obligation students owe to labor. The quality if not the quantity of local college meetings or more general conferences held under the auspices of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Student Forum, the League for Industrial Democracy, and even the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. argues a capacity for generous service of the common good from which much may be hoped. Assuredly the college situation is not hopeless for those who realize that we must look to the young, in whom habits are not strong as steel bars and thought patterns rigid as iron molds, for the intelligence and devotion which may yet reshape civilization and enrich the individual life.

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Stray Thoughts on a College Pilgrimage

By WILLIAM A. ROBSON

IT was in New York. At a luncheon party—a very nice affair, too. There was I, a pilgrim from England who had been wandering about for nearly five months, seeing American university life and trying to discover what kind of a country America was. And there was the party, in luncheon assembled, brooding over the wreckage of the dead meal.

I was expected to speak, and so far as I could see there was no way of getting out of it gracefully. I was caught, trapped. For five months I had been allowed to wander at large about the American continent, talking (when occasion arose) about anything that occurred to me, about "ships and shoes and sealing wax." But at last my hour had struck, and I knew that America, speaking through the persons of this agreeable group of men and women, demanded an account of my pilgrimage, demanded to know what I thought of it all. The day of reckoning had come; and I had before me the task of reducing a complex truth to a simple falsehood.

The ideal thing, of course, would have been to be efficiently, unassailably, preposterously statistical. "Ladies and gentlemen," I should have said, "at the moment of speaking I have been in this country five months, one week, three days, six hours, and twenty-three minutes. During that time I have traveled 8,497 miles, have visited thirty-one of your colleges and universities, have met 4,783,421 people, consumed 64,892 portions of ice cream ——"

A buzzing noise interrupted my thoughts. It was the voice of a fellow-countryman from England, newly arrived in America, analyzing the situation in Great Britain. He was trying to describe what it felt like coming to America from Europe. It suddenly dawned on me that, whereas he felt that he had left Europe behind him, I felt on the contrary that in coming back to New York I had already returned to Europe; that the difference between New York and London was as nothing compared with the difference between New York and the Middle West and the extreme West.

But what *did* I think of it all? I asked myself. The dominant thought in my head was a sense of the enormous complexity of America and the diversity of the American college system, and of the difficulty of making generalizations which should be true of the whole country and not of a mere fraction. The sheer scale of the thing is so staggering to the average European, I had found, that he usually fails to grasp its significance. At that moment a vision appeared to me. The vision had nothing to do with angels, demons, fiery steeds, or my speech; it consisted merely of the translation of the United States territory into European terms. I saw (and subsequently my vision turned out to be a mere memory of some charts I had seen in a geography room) that from Oklahoma City to Boston was as far as from Paris to Petrograd; that from New York City to San Francisco was as far as from London to Bagdad; that California was larger than Italy, and the State of New York nearly as big as England. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, old Europe, I thought—unless the influence of Kansas and Utah has made you give up smoking!

I glanced at the speaker. He had settled down into a comfortable jog trot, whereas my attack of mental indigestion was still in full swing. Suddenly I remembered an incident which had occurred during my visit to Harvard. "Suppose," a world-famous economist had said to me there, "you were asked what were the three most remarkable things an Englishman ought to see in America, what would you choose?" In reply I had dived in recklessly—where angels might well have feared to plunge. "Of course," I said, "he must see Niagara Falls; they are unique." "Of course," I continued, "he must see the Grand Canyon; it is one of the sights of the world." And then I hesitated—for a long time. What on earth *was* the third most remarkable thing I had seen in America? I finally selected a policeman I had noticed in Los Angeles wearing silk socks. You could search all Europe, Africa, and Asia without finding a policeman wearing silk socks. The economic condition which enabled a policeman to buy silk socks, and the social system which permitted him to wear them, struck me as extremely significant.

Suppose I tried to apply the same method to the university system. What had been the three most important features relating to college life which I had seen? Well, there was that never-to-be-forgotten sight of thousands and thousands of students streaming out of the University of California when the lunch bell chimed at one o'clock. I thought that that spectacle summed up in a flash the huge problem presented by the enormous expansion of university education in America. Then there was that wonderful circumstance of college life, so widespread and commonplace in America, so unknown in Europe: myriads of impecunious boys and girls working their way through college by handing round potatoes and washing dishes, or doing other trifling jobs for two or three hours a day, earning their keep thereby. How better summarize the unique opportunity in higher education which America offers her younger generation; how better pay tribute to the lack of snobbishness which enables a student to earn his way without shame? But the ability to work your way through college has nothing to do with the excellence of the Constitution, as so many students had fondly suggested to me!

For the third item again I hesitated. Then I remembered staying at a famous Middle West coeducational college, where certain members of the faculty had received from the editor of the college paper a questionnaire asking what six books they would take to a desert island if they were to be banished there. One professor said to me: "They will expect me to put down the Bible; so I must put that down for one." That was a significant incident; I wondered if my audience would see the point or whether they would think I was attacking the Bible?

I looked around at them. Yes, they were certainly very intelligent. And very delightful. I felt vaguely sorry that each one of them represented only $\frac{1}{100,000,000}$ part of the American nation. It seemed such a tiny little fraction. My chest swelled as I remembered that I represented no less than $\frac{1}{39,000,000}$ part of the English nation.

I wondered if that fact had anything to do with the queer atmosphere in the universities. In America you felt such

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an infinitesimally small part of the whole; and that tended to do away with a sense of civic responsibility. The boys and girls in the colleges and universities were very jolly, many of them; but no one could accuse them of having a sense of responsibility. That was one of the big differences. People called them boys and girls (and in private sometimes "kids"). With us it was always men and women. Were they, I reflected pragmatically, boys and girls in fact because they were called boys and girls; or were they called boys and girls because they really were boys and girls? How paternal the system was on the whole! History was something divided into periods; reading was something divided into assignments; education was something divided into A.B.'s, semesters, fraternities, hazing, athletics, and flunks.

Yet how nice some of the boys and girls were, I remembered affectionately. And how light-hearted and carefree they seemed after poor old Europe, with her cares and her trials and her miseries. But they ought to think a bit more.

I remembered some of the questions they had asked me. Did most people in England wear monocles? Did we still have real live dukes and duchesses? Then there was one of my traveling companions who had come from Czecho-Slovakia. He had been introduced as a native of Graeco-Slovakia; of Poland; and finally asked if his country was a province of Russia whose capital was Vladivostok! It wasn't always as bad as that, but still ——!

And then there was that beastly system of credits—everyone always being taken on credit; and compulsory lectures, and quizzes, and assigned reading, and incessant examinations. All very well in their way but out of place in a university. Life was too organized.

The buzzing noise had subsided. I glanced at the head of the table. The chairman was calling on me to speak.

I rose to my feet. . . .

Boston: A Journalistic Poor-Farm

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

IF, as it has been so wittily said, Boston is the abandoned farm of American literature, journalistically it is the country's poor-farm. Nothing in Boston astonishes foreigners more than its press; nothing more clearly illustrates the passing of what was once the Athens of America. To understand in full the degradation of its dailies one must know the extraordinary transformation which has come over the stronghold of the Puritans; one must realize that the Boston of today has comparatively little in common with that of forty years ago. A thin blue line of descendants of the colonials, who learn nothing and forget nothing, is intrenched on the Back Bay and in State Street, and does its best to confront and hold back the multitudes of Irish, Jews, and Italians who today comprise the bulk of the city's population. The Puritan is yielding to the Catholic; the Catholic in turn may yield to some one else.

Now the decay of the press has naturally not been due merely to the city's changed character; it has followed the press of the whole country downward. The surprising thing is that the ultra-conservatism of Boston did not retard the change, but, I am inclined to think, rather accelerated it. Perhaps the explanation is this: one of the worst faults of the Boston press is its parochial character. No other large American city has such localized newspapers. That trait comes from the Back Bay itself. Even when literary Boston was in fullest flower, its attention was riveted chiefly upon itself. It knew nothing of the rest of the country and did not wish to know anything of it. Some years ago a charming young bride from Albany, descendant of the most patrician of Dutch settlers, was taken to visit on Back Bay two of her husband's maiden aunts, then nearing their seventies. They looked upon her with mingled trepidation and wonder. "So you come from the West," said they. "Well, from Albany," faltered the guilty bride. "Well, *we've* never been further west than Worcester!"

This parochial character is unquestionably at the bottom of the success of more than one Boston newspaper. About thirty years ago the Hub rejoiced in some excellent and most intelligent journals. There was the old *Post*, a fine Mugwumpian morning paper of the type of the old New York *Evening Post* and the Springfield *Republican*. Under John Holmes the *Herald* was independent, honest, and aboveboard. The *Advertiser* personified Republican dignity, respectability, and conservatism, with the *Record* not far behind. The *Traveler*, too, had its day. But the *Post* failed, was bought up, and became, under E. A. Grozier, a particularly low but successful scarlet woman of journalism. The *Herald* fell upon hard times and bartered its virtue like any drab. The *Record* and the *Advertiser* had their ups and downs; the *Record* is honorably dead and the *Advertiser* in its old age has sunk dreadfully to being a Hearst tabloid picture daily after the model of the New York *Daily News*. Others have faded out; the *American* and the *Telegram* have come in—to lower the general average still further. Aside from the *Christian Science Monitor*, they are all fatally *petit bourgeois*. They are filled with small-town gossip, with the chatter of the suburbanite.

It was General Charles H. Taylor of the Boston *Globe* who led the profession downward. It was also he who first understood how best to exploit the new-type residents of Boston. He printed sensational headlines and "played up" crime. He issued orders that, if possible, every reader of the *Globe* must find his name in the paper at least once a year. Even today it prints long lists of "among those present" and gives pages and pages to clubs, societies, and society news, to meetings of fraternal orders—anything which makes possible the printing of names, names, names. A story of General Taylor further illumines his policy. Being informed one day by an excited employee of the alarming news that the Boston *Herald* had engaged another London correspondent, the General exclaimed: "Then, by God, we'll have to get another in South Boston!" To this must be added General Taylor's second recipe for sure success: Never say anything unfavorable of anybody in your daily if it can in any way be avoided; never give offense.

That rule has long governed the *Globe*. General Taylor adopted it not merely because it was good business, but because he was himself a simple, sweet-natured person,

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utterly undiscriminating, utterly conventional, utterly ignorant that there were such things as deep economic currents and terrible economic injustices. Possessed of a really creative mind, he should have been a man of action instead of a publisher who owned 50 per cent of his paper —Mr. Eben Jordan of the Jordan Marsh dry-goods store owned the other 50 per cent—and made money much too easily.

This is the inheritance that has come to General Taylor's sons, of whom the younger, William O. Taylor, is now the head of the paper. He inherited his father's kindly heart as well as his limited social vision. The *Globe* changes amazingly little; while it still has exactly the headlines and the cheap, splashy make-up which once made it appear the yellowest of Boston dailies, it has been so outstripped in yellowness by others that it seems almost conservative. Why should it change? It still has (April, 1923) 280,000 readers on week days and over 328,000 on Sundays, and still makes considerable money.

Curiously enough, it does do something worth while; it contributes the best editorials printed in any Boston newspaper. One appears daily, over the signature "Uncle Dudley," which is always worth reading. Whether the Taylors realized at first the commercial value of editorials which give evidence of thought and brains and liberalism is questionable, but it is today true that the views of the apocryphal "Uncle Dudley" sell thousands upon thousands of copies to people who don't like the rest of the paper, but seek its editorial page as an oasis in the desert. The several men whose identity has been hidden by "Uncle Dudley," Lucien Price, the late Thaddeus C. Defriez, James Morgan, William S. Packer, and James H. Powers, form a roll of honor. In the war days when it was dangerous to be an American loyal to his country's spiritual ideals "Uncle Dudley" found pleasure in dwelling upon fundamentals; he wrote about the basic ideals of spiritual and moral liberty, dealing, it is true, largely in generalities, but often pointing the moral to adorn the tale, or leading up to an inevitable (sometimes almost treasonable) deduction which one had, however, to make oneself. One often finds in the *Globe* the only accurate, unbiased reporting of labor troubles or of famous trials—Frank Sibley's accounts of the famous Lawrence strike were the best reporting done in New England in years and became a part of the subsequent court record.

As Hearst out-trumped Pulitzer in yellowness in New York, so Mr. E. A. Grozier went General Taylor one better in Boston. The *Post* can be dismissed briefly: there are few newspapers of lower standards in America; this one has a circulation of 361,000 daily and of over 370,000 on Sundays, a great decrease from its high-water mark of 540,000. It still pervades all New England, degrading as it goes, destroying ideals, lowering the public taste, and familiarizing the homes of Vermont, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and parts of Maine with crimes, scandal, and the baser part of life. It is a frankly commercialized enterprise beside which the two Hearst newspapers, the *American* and the *Advertiser*, seem tame and respectable—some excellent editorials creep into the former occasionally, doubtless from the pen or through the influence of Grenville S. MacFarland, an able writer and thinker.

As for the Hearst papers in Boston, they differ not a whit from the others of the group. That the once staid and sober *Advertiser* should now be Mr. Hearst's first tabloid pictorial daily is truly the irony of fate, and is in many respects a measure of the low estate which the whole Boston press has reached. For some excellent policies the Hearst papers have stood in Boston, as elsewhere; notably in the matter of the street railways. Their managers believe, moreover, that it is in their editorial liberalism or radicalism that their strength lies. They will demonstrate to you that the chief sensationalism of the Boston *American* lies in its headlines; that if you were to eliminate those, a daily comparison would show that there is less of the bizarre, the scandalous, and the sensational than appears in the *Post* and the new evening paper, the *Telegram*. This statement is doubtless correct; but what a light it casts upon Boston journalism that two dailies actually out-Hearst Hearst!

When one turns to the Boston *Herald* and its editor, Robert Lincoln O'Brien, one comes upon the greatest disappointment in Boston journalism. Yet one must ask oneself whether, given the ownership of the *Herald* as it was when Mr. O'Brien took hold, any other outcome was possible. A Harvard graduate, private secretary to President Cleveland during his second term, then for years Washington correspondent of the *Transcript*, and later its editor, he had a wonderful opportunity when asked to take over the direction of the *Herald*. True, the paper was then venal and was losing so much money that its rich owners, who have at times included Senator W. Murray Crane, the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, some of the United Shoe Machinery Company group, and Morton F. Plant, were sorely tried by its plight. These big-business men and corporations were unquestionably a barrier to the making over of the *Herald* into a free and independent daily, but it was supposed that if Mr. O'Brien accepted the task of rehabilitation he would obtain for himself a charter of liberty. It speedily appeared that Mr. O'Brien, too, had sold himself to the god Success. He was determined to make the *Herald* rich and prosperous and his efforts have succeeded. Its joint circulation with its evening edition, the *Traveler*, is now 258,000. It printed in 1921 more "national" advertising (that is, general announcements as opposed to advertising of local origin) than any other daily. Mr. O'Brien, who receives a percentage of the earnings, is believed to draw about $100,000 a year for his services and he is also a stockholder.

But the *Herald*, for all that it bears a fair face and is typographically the best of the Boston papers, after the *Transcript*, is false behind its pleasing aspect. It is still a creature of the big corporations; it is subservient to the big advertisers. Nor is it always quite square in its advertising. A couple of years ago it joined in the general abuse of Joseph Pelletier, the former District Attorney of Boston, for not punishing or interfering with the perpetrators of the Emerson Motors swindle. But while properly berating Pelletier, it failed to state how many thousands of dollars had gone into its treasury for the extensive Emerson Motors advertising in its columns through which many dupes lost their savings. During the war the *Herald* refused to carry out a contract for publishing a perfectly proper advertisement urging the public to purchase only necessaries—evidently the dry-goods stores forbade it—for which breach of contract the *Herald* paid five hundred dollars. At one time it even ruled automobile accidents off the front page on Mondays to oblige the

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motor-car advertisers. Once it went so far as to print the headline "(Governor) McCall and Moxie at Barnstable Fair." So the *Herald* is without a soul, and is ruled by fear. Whereas General Taylor's policy of offending nobody was in part due to his own kindly philosophy, with the *Herald* it is business, pure and simple.

Then Mr. O'Brien has the good sense to stick by his friends. Sometimes this leads to amusing complications. There was Mr. X, for instance. Coming to Mr. O'Brien's sanctum one day he explained, with some embarrassment, that a publication would be made about him in the next few days and he did *so* hope that the *Herald* would deal kindly and gently with him. Mr. O'Brien assured him that it would. Mr. O'Brien, about to go off for a few days of vacation, left orders that not one single word should appear in the *Herald* in his absence about his friend, Mr. X. Three days later, the news of Mr. X's honorable appointment to a high Federal office in Boston duly appeared in all the Boston newspapers except the *Herald!* Not until Mr. O'Brien returned could the lips of the loyal staff of the *Herald* be unpadlocked.

If loyalties, as Mr. Galsworthy as well as Mr. O'Brien shows, can lead us astray, I think the *Herald* typifies only a bit more strongly than the other Boston papers the slavish adherence to convention and sham which distinguishes the whole of that parochial press. Take that midget statesman, Calvin Coolidge, Vice-President of the United States, for instance. Every honest Boston journalist knows the inwardness of the police strike and how little, if any, credit Mr. Coolidge deserves for his part in it. I happened to be sitting among the Massachusetts journalists at the Chicago convention when Mr. Coolidge was nominated as Vice-President. Their astonishment and their disgust were amusing to witness. Returning later to the Congress Hotel I found two of the most influential editors in New England in excited conversation about Mr. Coolidge's nomination. Never have I heard more vigorous profanity; each sought to outdo the other in his epithets. "Never," said the elder, "in years of political experience have I met a man in public life so despicable, so picayune, so false to his friends as Cal!" I marveled still more when I read the dispatches those two gentlemen sent to their respective dailies, for they were full of congratulations to Massachusetts upon the honor done to her and to Mr. Coolidge for this magnificent national recognition of his splendid services to his State, his admirable personal qualities, his statesmanlike vision, etc., etc.

Finally, there is the *Transcript*, staid, dignified, the personification of reaction and conservatism, catering to the business men whose minds are closed and to the Back Bay conservatives, male and female, whose horizons are as limited as their prejudices are unnumbered. Where the *Globe's* readers are hungry for new ideas and open-minded, the *Transcript's* are of the Brahmin caste whose broadcloth ancestors mobbed Abolitionists and resented any interference with the slave trade or slavery because it might affect their dividends. For such as these the *Transcript* is beyond praise and it must, in all justice, be set forth that the *Transcript* is in many respects an excellent news-purveyor. Its criticisms of books, plays, art, and music are excellent; they are free, honest, often very able; some people rate them higher than those of any other American daily. Certainly the *Transcript* gives a more comprehensive view of musical news and progress the world over than any other American newspaper. It does endeavor to keep up Boston's interest in things intellectual, and it has been rewarded by a slow but sure circulation growth; it sells 34,000 daily except when it jumps on Saturdays to 55,000.

Had the *Transcript* the right kind of spiritual, intellectual, and political leadership it would have to be ranked very high in American journalism. But it, too, is in its viewpoint parochial, narrow, nationalistic, extremely prejudiced, and filled with the spirit of caste. It is a violent partisan; its editorial page, and often its news columns, are poisoned by bitterness and hate.

All the British and French propaganda during the war found its way into the *Transcript;* no lie about Russia is too stale for its retailing. Fortunately for its readers, its news headlines are no longer quite so colored as during the war, when it was one of the worst adulterators of news that we had. Not content with partisan writing of headlines it began its stories with a "news-lead" badly colored, so that when you got to your news you were likely to read it wrong. It deliberately distorted President Harding's stinging rebuke to the railroad presidents who refused to make peace with their striking shopmen by putting these entirely false headlines over the President's statement: "Should End Shop Strike, President Harding Tells the Union Officials; Blames Strike for Prevailing Coal Shortage; Also for Unsatisfactory Railroad Conditions; Continuance on Some Roads Without Reason."

Of George S. Mandell, who has been for many years the moving spirit of the *Transcript*, it has been said that "his personal ideals are bounded by the heavens and his social sympathies by his elbows." He has the highest personal standards and is so truthful and honorable that it makes the *Transcript's* lapses all the more curious and censurable. But his standards are all conventional; one thinks of him instinctively as a Tory squire.

This, then, is the daily newspaper menu of Boston, chief city of New England, foremost inheritor of the Puritan tradition, and, in the eyes of many, predestined conservator of the ideals of the Revolutionary Fathers. Worshipers of the Revolution of 148 years ago, the foremost concern of the Boston editors of today is the prevention of any future progress.

Death-Watch

By VINCENT STARRETT

The great man lingers in the arms of pain,
Serene before the creeping shade of doom. . .
He comforts those about him in the room,
Whose tears fall silently. . . . Out in the rain
A youth in oilskins, vividly profane,
Trudges beside the splendid house of gloom
And waits the moment it becomes a tomb,
Thinking the world waits with him in the lane.

Not his the sorrow, and not his the smart,
Though vaguely pity may oppose his ire;
His but to wait a signal; nothing more.
It comes! . . . And with a fiercely beating heart
He shrieks his message o'er a humming wire:
"Dead!" . . . And afar the hungry presses roar.

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A Far Cry

By ZONA GALE

AMONG the red porch chairs Elmer Dasher sat in a denim swing which leniently dissented. He did not seem like a man who would sit and swing; such a molested-looking man.

Hands parted the curtains of a window behind him and hung there a pink card on which was printed "Ice." It was evening, but tomorrow morning's slumber must not be flawed by this task. Immediately the hands appeared upon the porch. Mrs. Dasher's hands wore all the expression that she had. They seemed to have done so much. Her face had experienced so little.

"Hot," said she.

"Why shouldn't it be? It's summer time," said Elmer Dasher.

He tilted the swing, and the spirited disclaimer of the frame did not annoy them. She rocked and they did not hear the creaking board. Near the cement pavement the sprinkler fizzed and squirted; they did not observe that in order to avoid it passers were obliged to make a detour under the maples.

Elmer Dasher took his watch and held it. The last bright cloud hung on Patch Hill and stained the air. Shadow floated and fell. For five minutes while airy dissolution ran upon the light, Mr. Dasher eyed the dial. Then he descended the steps and turned off the city water. Unconscious that it is a triumph of social evolution for a community to be organized like that, and without a casual glance at the elemental glory of the sunset, he returned to his swing.

Ludlow, his neighbor, crossed the connecting lawns and desired to know how everything was. Ludlow had a woman's eyes. Elmer Dasher held him in subconscious contempt, for he made disconcerting observations, such as he made now to Dasher's inevitable reply that everything was complete, complete:

"Sometimes I wonder why Patch Grove doesn't collapse and slide down Patch Hill and pile up in the valley."

Dasher inquired why on earth it should do that. He knew his town; "hard-boiled business, hard-boiled recreation, hard-boiled family life," he had once summed it up; but he could not imagine why business blocks, houses, garages, and folk should ever give way, of their own futility, and slide down to the valley of the Patch, the brown river. Ludlow's long harangue only confused him.

"You won't find any better place to live," he indignantly defended.

"I'm afraid not," said Ludlow, sighed, mentioned the thunder heads in the west, and went home.

"Queer duck," Elmer Dasher thought.

Abruptly, distinctly, he heard a cry. He could not divine its direction nor tell whether it was the voice of man or woman. It might have been a signal, very clear, though from a distance. He looked at his wife but she, with moving lips, was counting something and had heard nothing. He thought that the boys must be playing ball on the school grounds, and he tilted the swing again.

The hall gas flared up. Over her who had lighted it the warm tide surged, showed her pointed face, her thin arms—Geraldine Dasher, a name to which her faint self of forty bore no relation. She emerged, announced a destination, was met by "Why not ever sit down here at home with us?" and pregnable, without resentment, sank to the top step.

Within the houses, behind the dying brilliance of the brick walls, girls were dressing. In Patch Grove no one dresses before dinner. The virginity of the toilette is preserved for its main purpose. On the porches sat those who did not dress for the evening any more. In many of these the desire to give life had changed to a dynamic hostility to those already alive. As with the Dashers:

"Hot." "Why shouldn't it be? It's summer time." "That isn't funny." "My dear, nothing is funny to you." "My clothes are—they're so funny I don't like to go to church." "The churches have gone to the dogs. Best keep out of them." "You would insult my religion!" And so on to: "I'm rather sick of this whole thing." Whereon Geraldine cried abruptly: "How do you think *I* feel about that?" and laughed, harshly, so that a silence fell.

In their silence a telegram was given over the telephone in the hall. Dasher took the message, came back, his face sagging with concern, and said:

"Mama, Katy's sick. She wants us to go to the city and bring the boy home with us."

Mrs. Dasher asked for details which had not been given, made and rejected fractions of plans, objected. Dasher said: "Nonsense. Katy's the only niece I've got in the world. Going, too, Jerry? Don't keep us waiting."

The enormous night received the little car. Ten miles of dusky cornland, warm with the breath of the day; eight miles of city streets, sleepy with heat, nervous with light, washed by a thin black stream of beings. Pearl City traffic formed the veins of some vast undivined body. That body seemed to have a voice, raucous, unresting. The powers of that body were evident—to give death, to give life, to sin, to rejoice, to agonize. Was there no more to that unknown being? Could it only bellow with its body while its veins flowed with the traffic?

Katy was at a hospital and with her the little boy, wondering, frail. The ward was shared with a woman, a Bohemian, red and black. Katy was a yellow shadow on a pillow. Old in cell and in spirit she said: "Don't bother to stay. He'll be here. But he can't work and see to the boy, too. Me? I don't know and I don't care." She lay like a little animal left too long in a trap to be watching any more.

Elmer Dasher was shaken, said "But my God, Katy"; and Katy, turning her head fretfully from him, was caught by the aspect of the Bohemian woman, and cried out. The Bohemian woman was sitting erect and trying terribly for breath. No nurse was there, the passages were quiet. The Dashers, always lax, uncentered, were thrown into distraction. Elmer ran and rang and called. It was Mrs. Dasher who reached the woman and, in some deep impulse to physical contact, held her as she died. Mrs. Dasher kept saying: "I don't understand this. I don't understand this."

Jerry caught up the terrified little boy, ran by the nurse who was moving upon the room, crouched in the tonneau, and hugged the child. He wept, was stilled, and later roused to faint interests. She was stirred by his quiet, then by his motion. While they waited, she sought for ways to give him

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protection. Passers glanced at them and it flashed to her: They think he's mine. She adjusted his collar and said in an admirably imitated abstraction: "Yes, darling."

At last her father and mother came crossing the street. To Jerry they seemed detached and of a familiarity strange and passionate, such as she felt in saying over her own name.

"I don't understand that," Mrs. Dasher was still saying weakly. In the seat beside her husband she wept and seemed rapt, unaware of anything save that which had just happened. Elmer Dasher was silent, but wholly in the body, as was clear when he cursed in a traffic crisis.

This crisis he assumed to have been imagined: He heard a car, with a strange siren, a faint melodious siren; a car seeking, he thought, to pass him, and nearly succeeding. Dasher could hear the silver alternation, a cadence such as three pipes might give, softly blown. When had a man ever devised a siren like that? "Some music hound," thought Dasher. And when a tight place narrowed in before him and the light cry of insistence followed close, he drew far to the right to let the fellow pass. The fellow did not pass. Amazed, as he looked back, Dasher saw the street momentarily empty. "Must have been a fire whistle," Dasher thought, and slid back into the channel.

They drew into the country, into the tender vacant air of fields. Now emerged the sky, which in town they had forgotten. The sky was void of stars. To the southwest were thrusts of lightning, incessant, at innocent play, unconcerned with any fruit of death. A faint huskiness came deepening of thunder.

"What's that?" the child asked and, grown shyly accustomed, questioned of fireflies, of miasma, of the smell of honey and hay. These questions gave Jerry rapture. His breath and his brushing eyelash gave her rapture. The child fell asleep, and in dear discomfort Jerry held him; for mile upon mile she held him and dreaded the ride's end.

She felt a lift of pleasure when the car was stalled. At the foot of a sharp slope up to a road-bed the car stopped. Elmer Dasher, who could not so much as set a hinge on a door, was helpless. He lifted the hood, produced tools, said names of parts; but it was plain that he was helpless. No farmstead light was near and they set themselves to wait for passers. It was a road little frequented. And now the high black clouds were shot with flame.

They faced a meadow made limitless by night. The life of the dark was there, the dark peopled by rustle, breath, odor. In the stillness these influences came confidently to the car. The night breathed, and along its vast invisible veins coursed some faint fluid, tincturing the darkness, flowing through the little bodies of men.

Suddenly Elmer Dasher felt a frightful nostalgia. Home, home! He wanted to be at home. But when he thought of his house, his porch with red chairs, it was not these that he wanted. Home. Some core of the word seemed to emerge and demand him. Where did he want to go?

Far away, as if from another meadow under another night, there came a call, of no remembered bird. A bird call which fused with the rising wind, threaded the thunder, haunted the ear, and died. It voiced his nostalgia, it was pure and pleading. It bore an echo of unbearable sweetness. Or was it a bird call? He thought now that it might have been a wavering engine whistle. . . . Far down the curve of the railroad across the distant swamp, a yellow eye outrayed in the first rain.

"The 'way freight," said Elmer Dasher. "It's none too good for us. We'll signal them, and if they row we'll report them to the directors!"

The highway was level with the fields. To the fields' edge they rolled their car, an ancient servant, and left it locked in darkness; with its lamps lighted their way and flagged the freight train. In magnificent languor, like a train of the Orient, the thundering thing rolled indolently down and stopped. A blown torch brushed out a little pool of light. A Patch Grove voice hailed them, exclaimed, bade them climb aboard. Received into the warm cave of the cab, these four blinked at the red throat of the fire-box and felt the rich reprieve of some convalescence.

The enormous night held the little train. The enormous sky held the little storm. Standing in the gangway Elmer Dasher threw back his head and took the hour. Motion, roar, electricity blue on the metal, thunder of wheel and of cloud, and he in their midst. He felt in flight over farther spaces. They swept by a steel plant, saw the belch and glare, made out men and mounds of slag. One of the sheds stood drenched in the red beauty of the pouring, and naked figures flowered from wild color. In that flash were the tumult of farther industry, roar of innumerable trains, glitter of all the cities, their veins flowing with men and women in sin, joy, anguish. He was feeling all that there was to feel! He could have cried a challenge as the engine went challenging the lit blackness.

But why did the engineer blow the whistle, running through open country? Or *did* he blow the whistle? He was sitting quietly on the seat, his attention on the track. One hand lay on his knee and one on the window-sill. The engine whistle was not blown! That insistent and sovereign call which had seemed like the voice of their flight, it came toward them from some horizon. What horizon? Who was calling? Calling whom? Beauty and anguish flowed together in Elmer Dasher. He felt drunkenness, incredibly enhanced.

"The glory of the Lord—eh, old girl?" he shouted. No one heard him.

On the fireman's seat Mrs. Dasher, cowering with covered eyes, looked round at him. She had not heard what he said, had not seen what he saw, had felt nothing that he felt, had been puzzled by no cry; but her face held its own emotion, wore now as much experience as her hands.

"Elmer," she cried, "I don't understand what happened to her and I don't believe I ever shall."

But this he did not hear. "The glory of the Lord, by the great horn spoon!" he bellowed, and looked about.

Neither death nor the fury of the hour occupied Jerry. In the thunder of the engine and of the storm, she had found that the child clutched at her.

Before midnight they were dry in their rooms and the little boy was sleeping. Elmer Dasher's exaltation, his wife's pity and terror, Jerry's brief motherhood, all boxed dry in their rooms.

The storm cleared and left the air sultry, intolerable. Dasher could not sleep. He went downstairs and sat in the swing. Ludlow was moving about the lawn, barefooted in the drenched grass. He came to the Dashers' veranda rail.

"Been up in town, have you?" he said. "I tell you, if there's reason why Patch Grove should collapse and slide into the valley, Pearl City ought to drop into the ground with no warning. Ought to disappear from the human eye."

Something shook Elmer Dasher. He seemed to remember that this destiny of man he had recently been stirred to resist. But automatically he replied:

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"You won't find a better city anywhere than Pearl."

"I'm afraid not," said Ludlow, and went home.

Faintly, a far horn which would wake few, Elmer Dasher heard the cry again. In it was the nostalgia of the night, of the world, of some hidden being striving to be heard. But of this cry he could not divine direction nor meaning. It might have been a signal or a challenge. To whom? And from where? Boys could not be playing ball on the school grounds now. . . .

He moved nervously in his swing and the frame dissented leniently. He felt an instant and acute relief and comfortably concluded that this faint squeak was all that he had noted.

Hearing this squeak, his wife descended, quavered. "That you, Elmer?" and came to her rocking chair on its creaking board. The moon in its third quarter, a trinket of silver gilt, was tilted above the elms, but the Dashers did not observe. Nor did they note the clean new anger of the second storm cutting its low way along the west.

Beneath the hall burner Jerry passed, came to the threshold, and when her mother said "Better sit down" emerged and obeyed.

"I don't understand it and I never shall," said Mrs. Dasher heavily.

"Don't say that again!" Elmer Dasher cried. "There isn't a woman in the world that'll keep on saying the same thing over and over the way you will."

"I won't be here long to say anything. I'm sick of the whole thing."

Jerry interposed: "It's hot again, isn't it?" She heard: "Why shouldn't it be It's summer time." And: "Can anybody see whether I hung up the ice card?"

"Vacation" at San Quentin

By MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

THIS being the season when all well-conducted respectables lay aside the cares of office and take to the woods for a long rest, Californians paid little attention to the tiny paragraphs which recently appeared in a few San Francisco newspapers to announce another strike among the criminal-syndicalism prisoners at San Quentin. Isn't I.W.W. synonymous with "I Won't Work"? What more natural, then, than that these faithless fellows should prefer solitary confinement to the torments of labor?

Among a group of criminal-syndicalism victims sent up from Sacramento last May was one William Flanagen, aged twenty-one. Like all the other prisoners of the same kind, he was charged with no overt act, his only crime being membership in the Industrial Workers of the World. In his case the "offense" was a very recent one; his red card was only a few days old when he was arrested and charged with violating the laws of a State in which he had not resided long enough even to obtain a job.

Flanagen is a member of a "good" Massachusetts family, which made frantic efforts to save him from the fate due his inconvenient opinions. It was finally intimated to him that if he would come home while he was out on bail no one would complain of the cost of the skipped bond. But the young man's education in solidarity had been in a very good school—the Sacramento County Jail. Flanagen did not see why chance should release him from the same misfortune that beset his fellow-workers, and he refused to accept the offer, taking his sentence of from one to fourteen years with the rest of the defendants.

All new prisoners at San Quentin are set to work in the jute-mill. Ordinary convicts serve from three to six months there; politicals are lucky if they get out in a year. One of the previous protest strikes at the prison had its origin in the three-year service of one of the "Wobbly" prisoners in this breeding-place of consumption. The machines are worked at top speed and are forced to compete against each other in production. To Flanagen, who never before had seen the inside of any kind of factory, the regular daily task in the jute-mill was the limit of attainment. Then when a "rush order" for extra work came on, and the jute-mill superintendent as usual picked a political to handle it, and placed it on this new and inexperienced worker, with the best will in the world the amount of labor commanded was beyond his powers. Flanagen tried hard but fell behind in his task. He was ordered to the dungeons.

These dark and filthy holes, the cells of which are scarcely large enough for a man to lie down in comfortably (if one can find comfort where the only bed is a stone floor), dripping with moisture, alive with vermin, with open buckets for toilet purposes and an outrageous insufficiency of food and water, have at one time or another harbored most of the criminal-syndicalism prisoners at San Quentin. Word filtered through the prison that Flanagen had been condemned to this place "until he was willing to work"—i. e., until, weakened by the conditions of the dungeon, he was stronger and more skilful than when he went in! Immediately another protest strike was on.

Most of the other I.W.W. prisoners, by reason of their longer service, were in far more comfortable working positions than the jute-mill. But there was no hesitancy; out of the forty-five "Wobblies" in San Quentin, thirty-six left their tasks and refused to work again until Flanagen was out of the dungeons.

Warden James A. Johnston, no friend of industrial rebels, ordered the entire thirty-six to solitary. There they are fed on nothing but bread and water, and precious little of that. Except that there is a little light during the daytime, and that at night a lousy mattress and blanket are thrown in, to be taken away next morning, the men in solitary are almost as badly off as the men in the dungeons. And there the strikers are to stay, by the warden's orders, until they are willing to go back to work with their demands ungranted.

One of the thirty-six, George Ryan, was the only San Quentin inmate on the Workers' Prison Comfort Club's June list for birthday cards and letters. Only a prisoner can know what this proof that the world outside has not forgotten means to the man inside. Of course all privileges of correspondence, coming or going, are taken away from the men in solitary. George Ryan celebrated his birthday by joining in the strike.

Of the criminal syndicalism prisoners not on strike, four are out in the road-camp and do not yet know of the protest. Old Jim Roe, over seventy and crippled with rheumatism, spends his time in the "old men's ward" and has no job to leave. (Jim Roe has a heart fifty years younger and stauncher than his worn-out body. He used to peddle shoe-strings and collar-buttons around San Francisco. Among his stock were copies of *Solidarity* and the *Industrial Worker*, which he sold to the boys on the "skid road." It was for this heinous crime that he was sent to San

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Quentin. The Defense Committee wanted to appeal his case. "Don't waste that money on lawyers for me, boys," said old Jim Roe. "I'm too old to be of much use if I were out. Keep the money for defense for the young fellows." So Roe will perhaps die in prison—and maybe his appeal-money freed another man to organize the workers.)

John Hannon is another who is not on strike. Hannon was in every other protest strike before this, and because of his experiences in the dungeons and in solitary, he is nearly blind and probably soon will be entirely sightless. He had one weak eye when he went to prison; now one is altogether blind, and the disease spread to the other and has nearly destroyed its sight. At the last strike he had to give up and be carried out to the hospital.

Jack Gaveel is out because the very day of the strike was the date of his deportation hearing, and he was off the job. Gaveel is a Canadian, whose term has one more year to run; but the authorities are trying to shunt him back to Canada immediately. He is fighting deportation proceedings, which if successful will establish a precedent for several other criminal-syndicalism cases.

At least one veteran of the war to make democracy safe for the world—W. I. Fruit—is down with the rest in solitary. Another striker is John Golden, who spent over a year in the dungeons, till his physical strength gave out, because as a political prisoner who had committed no crime he refused to accept the status and tasks of a convict. Then there is Ramon Sanchez, a Mexican who is suffering from "San Quentin tuberculosis." He too had to be removed to the hospital when Hannon was taken out, during the last strike; but as long as he can keep up he will stick it out with the others.

Thirty-six forgotten men (the District Defense Committee's telegram of protest to Governor Richardson went unheeded)—90 per cent of them bearing familiar Anglo-Saxon or Celtic names, a Jew, a Mexican, a Finn or two, one or two Italians—men from every sort of social background, with every kind of history, united on just one issue; all undergoing the horrors of solitary for the sake of a young man most of them never saw till last May, and because of the principle that his "punishment" violates.

And not one of the thirty-six on strike, or Flanagan in the dungeon, or the eight looking on in sympathy, has ever committed any crime except that of belonging to a militant labor union in Sunny California!

In the Driftway

RECENTLY the Drifter stopped at a hotel in which a bankers' convention was housed, and he found himself completely surrounded with bankers. Young bankers, hardly more than bank clerks, perhaps, skipped around in spotless white trousers and blue coats; middle-aged bankers, much more serious but equally prosperous, smoked very long cigars in the lobby; and large, aged, impressive bankers, certainly bank presidents, accompanied by correspondingly large wives gowned in white lace and jet, occupied the largest chairs in the lounging room.

* * * * *

EVERY inch of the hotel seemed to ooze prosperity. It was easily possible to distinguish a banker from one of the few remaining guests, not only by the little white card pinned to his lapel but by his confidence, his calm, his air of knowing that all was well with the world and not caring who else knew it, too. The Drifter, seated in an obscure corner, watched the wave of well-being and good-feeding advance and recede.

* * * * *

HOWEVER, it was a banker who saved the Drifter's peace of mind and at the same time demonstrated the incredible good-fellowship which is at once America's blessing and curse. On the Sabbath the Drifter was compelled to do an inconsequential, except for him, errand. He found every necessary shop closed tight; but the banker, indigenous to the city, drove five miles, climbed stairs, performed feats of physical labor, and at almost unheard-of trouble succeeded in doing the little errand for one whom he had never laid eyes on before and doubtless never would again. The Drifter strongly doubts whether he himself would have worked so hard for his blood brother; he is quite sure he would never have done it for a stranger. Yet it was done unsolicited, cheerfully, and evidently without hope of reward. The Drifter has often puzzled about the matter, for such things have happened to him before. Possibly it is a desire for companionship on an off day, or a feeling of superiority engendered by helping some poor unfortunate, or perhaps simply the milk of human kindness. This friendly good-fellowship is at its best when it is relieving the desperate, and at its worst when it calls conventions and attends them. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.

Joy Unconfined

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Somebody is always taking the joy out of life. President Harding has just heard some very unpleasant news, arousing enough anger to melt the Murier glacier in Alaska, viz.: The people of Minnesota have acted like a pack of red bolshevik wolves, overrunning the stronghold of the G.O.P., attacking the high-tariff walls, and in a manner à la Firpo destroying all traces of normalcy. The State that hitherto has had the proud distinction of being the proud mother of a pair of twin cities, which within its bosom harbored the source of the Mississippi, has decided to take both the Republican and Democratic parties, put them together in a canoe at the source of the Father of Waters, and send them down the river into the Gulf of Oblivion. When the news of this dastardly deed spreads through the land of the Minnesotas the banker will drop his banking, the farmer will drop his hoe, the bricklayer will drop his bricks; and a new anthem will be heard: "Yes, we have no normalcy! Yes, we have no G.O.P.! Yes, we have no Democratic Party!"

Everywhere you go the name of Magnus Johnson resounds. Magnus! What a name for a hero of the people! The Indian medicine men of Alaska predict a stormy session in Congress for the Heap Big Chief, Harding. They have advised him to take along several totem poles to give him protection against the two mighty warriors, Shipstead and Magnus.

Hail to Minnesota the victorious! Hail to the sons of the soil!

Kenmore, Ohio, July 18 LOUIS GROTSTEIN

P.S.—An annual subscription to the world's greatest periodical will follow in a few days.

[After reading the postscript we disobeyed our original impulse not to print this letter.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

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Mr. Stuart Chase's Junk

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of June 27 Mr. Chase says: "All the philosophies . . . and all the religions . . . and all the moral doctrines—junk Useless to me, useless to you, and . . . useless to our children. Hardly a word of sound advice have we to give our children as to how to know, or enjoy, or live." Is this true? May I suggest a few substantial facts which I for one always find most wholesome to correct my pessimistic moods even in view of the late horrid war and the pestilential peace which has grown out of it?

Thus, more than two thousand years ago gifted men desiring precisely what Mr. Chase wants were experimenting with what they called "Wisdom"—that is, a guide of life, of which one of them in the enthusiasm of his discovery writes: "Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." Another seeker for the same kind of truth says in his quaint fashion: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Observe he says *"do justly,"* not make others do it; and then note that he has laid down the three foundation principles of all human conduct and intercourse that we men invariably admire and love to see in one another—namely, integrity, friendliness, and modesty. These things constitute the happy life.

Take one more pure nugget of wisdom; no one knows who first discovered it. "Blessed, that is, happy, are the meek, or better, the gentle, for they shall inherit the earth." In other words, they are the coming people. The violent have no living chance by the side of the men of good-will! Was there ever a war that did not really go to demonstrate this? Hear what Benjamin Franklin writes to an Englishman at the close of our Revolutionary War, proposing a "compact between England, France, and America," and saying: "What repeated follies are those repeated wars! How many excellent things . . . tending to the common felicity might have been made . . . with the money and men foolishly spent during the last seven years by *our mad wars* in doing one another mischief."

I am only one man and others have had far wider experience, but I think that I have known hundreds of people who have made constant use of this way of life in varied circumstances, and often against painful odds, and have won success and happiness. I have never known anyone to make a failure of it. Moreover, there is already a large biographical literature, the reading of which would be an education in the humanities.

Finally, why cannot we have a big Union of Humanity above every divisive boundary of nation or race or sect, with its legends, "Humanity Over All; Good-Will Not Violence," committing ourselves to treat men always as we like to be treated? There is a wealth of truth and goodness in the world waiting to be seen, as soon as we look for it.

Southwest Harbor, Maine, July 2 Charles F. Dole

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In his excellent article, Junk, in *The Nation* for June 27, Mr. Stuart Chase entirely overlooks the science of language and greatly underestimates the vigor and extent of behavioristic psychology. These exceptions do not invalidate his thesis, but rather strengthen it by contrast; in fact his failure to appreciate them goes to show how science is hidden by the litter of junk, even from a willing observer.

The science of language has been on a scientific footing for a century—a generation less than chemistry. In the last fifty years its method has been comparable, and favorably comparable, to that of the biologic sciences. It escapes the notice even of students like Mr. Chase because it is unpopular, and it is unpopular because the amassers of junk are repelled by its humble attention to detail and by the accuracy of its method.

Behaviorism is not, as Mr. Chase implies, the message of a lone "man named Watson"—a role which Dr. Watson would probably decline—but is firmly rooted in the scientific past and flourishes in the present. It really dates back to the movement in science which first brought into question the fact of special creation. In biology this doubt began with Darwin and his contemporaries and gave birth to the conception of organic evolution, which in science is regarded as firmly established but which still furnishes much material for the perpetuators of junk. After organic evolution the next step is social evolution, and this in turn demands an evolutionary explanation of human conduct. From this demand our modern behavioristic psychology, which is much more widespread among scientists than Mr. Chase suspects, has developed. But again, it is unpopular because it takes from psychology the cheap thrill of mystery and substitutes for it the less spectacular scientific analysis indicated in the writings of Dr. Watson and in greater detail by such books as "The Fundamental Laws of Human Behavior," by Max Meyer.

Leonard Bloomfield
Albert P. Weiss

Columbus, Ohio, July 2

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Stuart Chase, in his recent article, seems to think that unless a principle is universally accepted it cannot be soundly established; and he draws the inference that all ethics, philosophy, etc., must be classed as "junk." This is to confound knowledge by intelligent experts with universal acceptance.

He says almost everybody is agreed as to the best way to build a cantilever bridge, but people differ illimitably as to the best way for human beings to live and behave. All facts in physics, however, are not so universally accepted as the right way to build a cantilever bridge. The experts now know that the best way to run a railroad is by electricity, not by steam, yet our railroads are not electrified and are not likely to be for a good while. This is a case where human wishes and business profits prevent the acceptance of a demonstrated truth.

So with ethics. All intelligent experts, and millions who are not experts, know that justice and kindness are better than injustice and cruelty; that when the Golden Rule is practiced it solves most difficulties, and when it is defied all sorts of troubles arise. Yet people go on defying it, because their wishes and their business profits draw them another way.

The great underlying principles of ethics are as well established as the main laws of physics, although their detailed application in many particulars has still to be worked out, and we are still making discoveries in both fields.

If Mr. Chase is in doubt what to teach his children he might begin with the Golden Rule, and point to what is going on in the world today as a striking proof of the bad results that come from disregarding it. Alice Stone Blackwell

Chilmark, Massachusetts, July 4

A German Dreyfus

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your readers will recall that Kurt Eisner's secretary, Fechenbach, was condemned last year to ten years in prison because he had in 1919 given a copy of an official telegram to a foreign journalist. The Munich professor of law, Dr. Kitzinger, after studying the evidence in the case, has concluded that there is no basis for the charge of treason preferred against Fechenbach. The Reichstag did, indeed, finally appoint a committee to investigate the case, but after a few hearings it has adjourned without action.

The event has a double significance. In the first place, the text of the telegram sent by the Bavarian Minister to the Vatican on July 26, 1914, has been published. This casts a curious light on the attitude of the Catholic church at the opening of the war. The minister reported after a conference with the Papal Secretary of State: "The Pope approves sharp action by Austria against Serbia. The Papal Secretary hopes that this time Austria will stand firm. He asks if Austria could ever make war if she were not determined to oppose by arms a violent foreign movement which had brought about the mur-

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der of the Archduke and threatened Austria's continued existence. His remarks revealed the fear of the Roman Curia, a fear of Pan-Slavism." A semi-official paper has explained that this telegram was based upon a misunderstanding by the Bavarian minister—which is difficult to accept.

More important is the question of Fechenbach himself. France reestablished her moral position in the world when she rehabilitated the innocent Dreyfus; Harding honored himself when he finally freed Debs; Germany would improve her moral position if she undid the wrong done to this German Dreyfus.

ALEXANDER HOHENLOHE

Badenweiler, Germany, June 1

The Price of Gasoline

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As an experienced operator in the California oil fields for many years I must take issue with E. C. S. on Why Gasoline Is High. Gasoline is high because the Standard Oil Company fixes the price of crude and refined oils, and for no other reason. This corporation absolutely controls the oil industry from every point of the compass and there are no "if's" or "and's" about it. The Standard has a monopoly of from 65 per cent to 70 per cent of the refined oil business of the country—it never allows this monopoly to drop below 65 per cent or to go over 70 per cent. It never cuts prices on the refined product except in cases where some independent is brash enough to cut prices to get one of its customers—then look out. In price-fixing of the crude product it enjoys an absolute monopoly. When the Standard cuts the price of crude no consumer would be foolish enough to pay a higher price to one of its competitors; therefore the price goes up or down all along the line simultaneously. Furthermore, the price of crude has little to do with regulating the price of the refined product. That is done with a "lead pencil," as the late P. D. Armour once said pork-packing was done. Has our friend E. C. S. any recollection that a cut in the price of crude was followed by a proportionate cut in the price of gasoline? We think not. Nor has anyone else.

"Our land system," "royalties," "superfluous drilling of oil wells," and the like have nothing whatever to do with the high price of gasoline. Gasoline is high because the Standard Oil Company enjoys a price-fixing monopoly, and for no other reason. If it were not so, it could not pass out annually 200 per cent stock dividends to the holders of its common stock. E. C. S. doubtless knows this.

New York, July 7 F. H. ALLEN

Christ and the Church Today

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When the fatal morning in August, 1914, dawned, the entire world found itself spiritually bankrupt. The power of the institutional church in the crisis was almost a negative quantity, because religious interests and values had not been developed correspondingly with material and economic ones. Notwithstanding this fact, never in the history of the world was there so gigantic an exhibition of individual spiritual power seen, and it was this individual power aggregated that won the war. But it would not be just to separate this power from the institutional church. We hear many say that the church has no place in modern civilization, but the great moral value of that civilization is the true child of the church's production. A man finds himself free, independent, and self-reliant, but for all that, does he discount the fact that he is what he is by right of the nurture and care of his mother? A man does not minimize the influence of his mother, simply because he has reached a point where her protection of his earlier days is no longer necessary. Every spiritual effort that was made by the individual in the Great War, every noble motive, every high ideal, every act of heroism and self-sacrifice, owed its effectiveness to the moral fertility of the teachings of Christ.

There never was a time when men should be more loyal to the church than now. The contemporary opinion that the church can suddenly adapt herself to the present crisis is irrational. No institution, short of a great period of time, could accommodate itself to a situation so colossal as the present one. Hateful as the term compromise is to some people, it seems to me that the path of constructive action takes a middle course: First, the church ought to be willing to surrender the rigidity of her position. She ought seriously to meditate upon the sacrifices she has to make to meet the modern demands of a modern civilization whose spiritual teacher she ought to be. To teach means to awake an interest in knowledge by stimulating a desire for it in somebody else; but the prerequisite of stimulating anybody is sympathetically to understand the needs and conditions of that person. Secondly, the laity ought to put aside all bitterness and petty animosities toward the church, and cooperate in arousing an appeal which would invite the preservation of a forceful and dynamic idealism. In the twentieth century I fail to see how the spirit of Christ can be kept alive in the church in any other way.

Jersey City, May 19 WORCESTER PERKINS

Why Ford? Well, Why Not?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with interest why Mr. Villard thinks Mr. Ford poor presidential timber and also the opposing contentions of certain readers published in *The Nation*. But the point ignored is, What essential difference does it make who is president anyway? We have had with equal success, or lack thereof, both dolts and messiahs in the office. These governments, organized for the dual purpose of transferring the wealth of certain of the governed to certain others of the governed, and of restricting the liberties of the governed, become in time wealthy and powerful self-perpetuating machines, and the personality, character, and equipment of the man who nominally rules matter not at all. The machine continues to function in its relentless way from pure momentum.

Until some sincere effort is made either to view government economically instead of politically, or to make government serve rather than rule and restrict the governed, I cannot for the life of me see that it makes an iota of difference what figurehead we adopt or how impotent mentally said figurehead be, or why you bandy so many words over a matter so patently inconsequential.

Beltsville, Maryland, June 27 T. SWANN HARDING

Contributors to This Issue

NORMAN THOMAS spent a large part of the past scholastic year in organizing and speaking among American colleges and universities in behalf of the League for Industrial Democracy.

WILLIAM A. ROBSON was the English representative in the European student mission that recently made a tour of American universities at the invitation of the National Student Forum.

ZONA GALE achieved her first marked success with "Friendship Village." For "Miss Lulu Bett," produced in 1920, she was awarded the Pulitzer prize for the best play of that season. Her latest volume is "Faint Perfume."

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD is a correspondent of the Federated Press.

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Books

French Masters

The Collected Novels and Stories of Guy de Maupassant. Translated and edited by Ernest Boyd. Alfred A. Knopf. $2 a volume. Volume I. *Boule de Suif and Other Stories.*—Volume II. *Mademoiselle Fifi and Other Stories.*—Volume III. *That Pig Morin and Other Stories.*—Volume IV. *A Woman's Life.*

Nana. By Emile Zola. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

THIS new edition in English of the works of Guy de Maupassant is distinguished by sound editorial judgment, excellent translation, and good book-making. Four volumes have appeared: if the twelve that are to follow measure up to the high standard fixed by their predecessors, the whole set will be a model of what a definitive translation of an author's work should be. Few French writers have suffered in English the mutilation that Maupassant has suffered. Ernest Boyd's edition should make full atonement.

Reviewing these volumes is somewhat different from reviewing merely four books of fiction: when one approaches them one approaches a reputation and an influence. And reputations are rather hard, solid objects that are slippery in the critical grasp; one seeks to remodel them a little, and they roll from one's hands much as one picked them up. It requires a Sainte-Beuve to deal with reputations. And influences are equally difficult to deal with, because they are vague, dispersed affairs, elusive of seizure. But Maupassant, today, must be considered as a reputation and as an influence.

As to the reputation, it is an impressive one: the greatest short-story writer who ever lived, according to the author's most unrestrained admirers. The precise meaning of such a claim is difficult to formulate. Does it mean that Maupassant wrote more excellent short stories than any other man has produced? That he wrote a few that are superior to any that can be set beside them? That he cast the finest short-story form that has yet been discovered? Or does it, perhaps, imply all of these?

Whatever the critics who make this claim may mean by it, I think that the claim itself means that Maupassant has been accorded the ill-regulated adulation that has been the reward of a number of literary pioneers. Like Cervantes, and Boccaccio, and others, he has been lifted out of his time and place and praised with no regard to time and place, instead of being evaluated in close relation to them. Literary landmarks are important, and convenient for literary historians; but literature is a living, growing thing, and we should be careful not to mistake landmarks for unsurpassable monuments. They should be seen in perspective.

One has no desire to rob Maupassant of the great credit that is due him: he cleared a good deal of ground, and he built well in his clearings. But where he cleared others have built better since. Some of Katherine Mansfield's stories are comparable to some of his in kind, and better than his. In James Joyce's "Dubliners" we can find the sort of story that Maupassant sometimes attempted, more successfully handled by the Irishman than by the Frenchman. And we come upon many magazine tales that recall Maupassant and do not shame their master by any lack of competence.

But the question of reputation seems to merge immediately with that of influence, and the amazing fact to be recorded about this influence is its effectiveness along divergent lines. Maupassant's plots stare at us from our most widely circulated magazines; we find his method persisting in the work of our most modern and most intellectual short-story writers. He has helped to teach mechanics to the authors of reading matter, and he has been a model of auctorial impersonality to the authors of literature. With Flaubert, Maupassant may be considered a father of the impersonal school of fiction; in his stories the author never intrudes either for the purposes of sentiment or of irony: he is out of the picture; the irony in such stories as "That Pig Morin" is of plot, not comment.

Another lesson that Maupassant has taught to many is that of thrift. Narrative flowed from him as water from a fountain, but he did not waste a drop. The slightest incident, the least idea furnished him with material for a story. Anatole France said of him that he wrote like "un bon propriétaire normand, avec économie et joie." In consequence much of his work is very slight, reminding us of sketches for a large painting; but almost every sketch has an organic life of its own. Maupassant in his choice of material, for his earlier tales at least, was as much of a realist as Chekhov; but his simple ideas and trivial incidents were almost always *plotted* in the handling. He was a realist, but he was selective. A serving wench, or a train ride furnished him with a whole story, but he was interested in the wench or the journey only if it suggested to him something approaching a *plot*, however slight a one. He insisted on shaping his commonplace material, not content merely to convey it from life into print.

But perhaps Maupassant's greatest achievement is his directness. He marched past a given point at a pace unequaled by writers who preceded him, and scarcely exceeded by those who have come after him. Many of his opening paragraphs are masterpieces: read the first paragraph of "Madame Tellier's Establishment," and then marvel at the amount of information essential to an understanding of the story that is packed therein. Almost instinctively, it seems, Maupassant seized upon the essentials of a narrative; both he and Katherine Mansfield knew how to make the most of a few words, but there is an interesting difference in the methods by which these two writers accomplished equally effective results: the man expressed all at a single stroke, while the woman suggested all.

It was a happy idea to make the translation of Guy de Maupassant's stories in chronological order, for according to this sequence the earliest volumes give us the best of the author. His was a talent that was full blown when it first sought expression: toward the last it withered. Story-telling was as natural to him as breathing; he did not pant until he began to study respiration as an art of pleasing others. In his later stories artifice triumphs over art: he did not see so clearly in the atmosphere of Parisian bedrooms as he did in provincial air. The time has passed when we can say with Remy de Gourmont, "On peut encore lire tout Maupassant"; but we can still read, with pleasure, almost everything in these first four volumes of translation.

In Zola we encounter another reputation, and one that has suffered strange vicissitudes; but I shall confine myself to the single volume under review. "Nana" is, I firmly believe, a very bad novel. The real tragedy of the book, though not the one the author intended, is the transformation of a woman into a symbol. At the outset Nana is a perfectly credible trull, unscrupulous, voluptuous, shameless, and vigorous; but her life, for the reader, has scarcely commenced before she starts to change slowly from a full-blooded animal into a symbol of evil. She becomes the scarlet woman, riding Paris on the whirlwind; the personification of fleshly lust, the eternal object of masculine desire; an incinerator in which man after man is consumed, so that the ashes may be dramatically displayed by Nana's creator. None can resist her, none can survive her. And while the author is achieving this magnificent result, he incidentally provides the model for modern French and, derivatively, Broadway farce. Nana's house resembles the stage of the Bordel Theater: there are men in every room of it, each supposedly unaware of the others' existence until unfortunate meetings occur; they tumble out of closets, they collide on the stairs, they hide under Nana's bed, behind the curtains, and the invaluable maid, Zoé, runs the show like a ringmaster with fraying nerves. "Nana" could never have been written by a man who possessed a shred of humor: it is grotesque.

BEN RAY REDMAN

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The Idea of Space

La Notion d'Espace. By D. Nys. Oxford University Press, American Branch. $6.

THIS study is an expansion of some of the chapters which M. Nys wrote for Cardinal Mercier's "Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy." It is divided into two parts, one on the nature of space, one on its properties. The first attempts to refute what the author calls ultra-realistic and ultra-subjectivistic theories, and ends by suggesting a moderately realistic theory, "the theory of Aristotle rejuvenated." The second part is occupied with developing the characteristics of this moderately realistic space.

M. Nys founds his doctrine on what he says is the one fact given in experience which makes our concept of space concrete, namely, distance. Distance is always a relation between two physical objects, which may in certain cases be the walls of a single solid. In fact, this philosopher like Aristotle thinks of solids as swimming in a medium more or less dense. The relations between the medium and the solid constitute the external space of the object. Thus the place of any object is the material substance which immediately surrounds it, even though that substance be in movement, like a flowing river. Here M. Nys departs from Aristotle to follow St. Thomas, for Aristotle held that the place of an object was determined by the nearest stationary medium. This was to prevent the implication that a ship at anchor in a river changes its place as the stream flows by.

M. Nys can follow St. Thomas here because of an entity which he assumes as a supplement to external space. This entity is internal space, which he defines as "the portion of space which each body fills and which corresponds exactly to its real volume." Internal space is not, like its supplement, determined by relations. It is a kind of attribute, like color or shape. It is assumed to explain how a body in movement may change its position without changing anything else. What does it change when this happens? Simply the attribute of internal space. The source of this concept, which is fairly bewildering, seems to be Aristotle's use of the word "motion," to indicate one of the four kinds of change which appear in his writings.

One of the interesting consequences of this theory is the possibility of absolute motion. So long as motion is relative, a single object existing in a universe by itself could never move. For there would be no other object by which to determine its motion. M. Nys admits that the determination of motion is a relative matter, but insists that motion may be studied apart from the methods of determining it. If motion consists in the successive acquisition of new internal places, as an object might acquire successive shades of a color when a window curtain is lowered, then of course a single body may undergo this change as well in isolation as in company.

The rest of M. Nys's rich and important theory belongs to discussions of a more purely technical nature than can be given here. We shall state simply his conclusions that readers may feel themselves more or less oriented in reflecting upon them.

In the first place, space is not unified, in the sense that there is a large system called "space" in which all physical objects have positions. Such unity seems reasonable only because of the appearance of the domed heavens, which look as if they were a container of all things. It is incorrect then to speak of "space"; one should speak rather of "spaces." In the second place, space is not relative, for each object has its own space irrespective of other objects. In relativistic theories, each object is located by reference to another. This has led to the dramatic conclusions of the followers of Einstein and similar thinkers. Third, space is never absolutely at rest; spaces upon earth are at rest with relation to one another for all practical purposes, which allows a man to go on a journey and come back to find his home where he left it. But M. Nys emphasizes the fact that this immobility of certain terrestrial spaces is purely apparent and not real. Fourth, there is no metaphysical reason why God should not have created a world infinitely extended; scientifically the infinity of space can never be proved, since—it is M. Nys speaking—it can never be observed. Here M. Nys, though leaning away from Aristotle and St. Thomas, does not lean far enough away to fall over. As for whether space is full or has gaps, he believes that the probabilities are with Aristotle, that space is full. The sixth conclusion is that material objects alone can be located in space; the seventh that space is homogeneous, because, eighth, it is three dimensional.

This meager, rough, and possibly misleading synopsis of a long and exquisitely detailed exposition must suffice for a general idea of M. Nys's aim. It indicates how far he clings to the traditional philosophy of the Thomists and how far he departs from it. The impression must not be allowed to survive that he is dogmatic in his exposition and argument; on the contrary it is needless to say how cautious and deliberate he is in propounding his evidence. The book would be of remarkable value merely as a compendium of theories of space. Happily it has other merits, those of a clear and definite expression of the neo-scholastic point of view.

GEORGE BOAS

Girls and Their Wishes

The Unadjusted Girl. By W. I. Thomas. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

"CIVILIZED societies," says Mr. Thomas, "have endowed the young girl with a character of social sacredness. She has been the subject of a far-going idealization. . . . The attitude has its useful side, though it has been overdone." This is a sample of the subdued sort of opinion which Mr. Thomas has sparingly permitted himself to express. His volume is principally made up of uninterpreted sketches of young girls' revolts against, or submergings under, their surroundings. The reader, after being provided with some clues to conduct, has to do his own generalizing; a job, on the whole, not too difficult.

The book begins with an account of the four sorts of wishes that govern the human heart: the wish for change and adventure, the wish for security, the wish to be favorably thought of, and the hunger to spend and receive affection. To this the author has added an appreciation of community control, including gossip as a constructive element, and a chapter on individual rebellion against such control, with an account of how (and partly why) it is increasing. He thinks this must be an era of individualization, set in between two eras of socialization—an era in which "the modern world presents itself as a spectacle in which the observer is *never sufficiently participating*." This last phrase seems to me the fragment of closest thinking in the book.

After these generalizing chapters the girls themselves enter, delegates, as it were, from the insurgent and the drifting armies beyond. No two are the least alike. No collection of human documents ever showed more richly and sadly the wealth of uniqueness in human nature. Not one of these histories takes the center of the stage in the reader's recollection. They just come and go on the pages, each absorbing the interest until another blots her out: Esther, who stole stockings and a hat, whose lawyer and doctor preyed on her fears of prison and syphilis, who made fun of the social workers in her letters to her fellow-culprit and beloved friend Lilian, and tried to cheat and conspire her troubled way to freedom; Margaret, who frequented Hell Hole because she found the drunkards and prostitutes there so human and lovable; Helen, who looked so childish with her bobbed hair, whom any casual man at any moment could so easily possess, who ran away from so many official rescuers, in whom Dr. Brown managed somehow to release the power and will to do rarely beautiful embroidery; Geraldine,

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seduced by the under-director of a moving picture company, "handed from man to man," yet whose "health, self-confidence, and charm" (and charm!) were restored at El Retiro, that wonderful school outside of Los Angeles, president of whose alumnae she became, with a cohesive influence over the others which no social worker had ever approached. But what sore and inflamed young spirit would not have revived in a school where the persons in charge looked upon it as part of their job to restore her charm?

Bolder in his ignorance than Mr. Thomas in his studious wisdom, the reader soon singles out one preeminent fact about these girls. They were practically all poor. They practically all felt poor, inferior, and left out. Their lungs were full of the stale air of poverty, and their ears were deafened with the weltering noises of poverty, and their eyes were tired of the dismal uncomeliness of poverty, and their self-esteem was dressed in the contemned clothes of poverty, and their ambitions were taunted by the narrowness of the yards upon which the doors of poverty open.

Mr. Thomas seems to bestow upon poverty only a brief, mysterious stare. He mentions often the sense of inferiority, without seeming to feel that it is usually in these cases an aspect of poverty.

Prostitution appears here, however, quite frankly as the offspring of poverty. Girls go into it apparently in a matter-of-fact, almost listless mood, as into something "embarrassing and unpleasant," but better paid than other work; and like other work, it is often abandoned. It must be far more intermittent than the uninformed reader has supposed. Mr. Thomas quotes from a "profound work" on French prostitution by M. Parent-Duchatelet, "Prostitution is for the majority only a transitory stage; it is abandoned usually during the first year." A few girls, very few, it seems, are moved by sexual impulse; and some unmarried mothers are discouraged into prostitution by the contempt of society. But most wild girls, Mr. Thomas points out, become wild long before the sense of sex awakens. Many young girls brought up in extreme poverty seem to take no interest of any sort in their bodies, except as commercial assets, and as vehicles for clothes. "Life," said a young foreign girl, "is mostly what you wear." Here we seem to reach the antithesis of such an exaggerated idealization of girlhood as I began by mentioning; an antithesis inevitable, I suppose, in a society of economic extremes. SARAH N. CLEGHORN

Suggestion and Digestion

The Hope of the Variant. By John George Gehring. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

A CERTAIN old lady in our neighborhood was wont to sniff disrespectfully when the matter of doctors was broached. "Humph," she would say, "they look at your tongue and say 'How's your insides? Two dollars, please!'" And, indeed, this is all the therapy needed in some cases. We have seen comfortable, jovial, Cheeryblian family doctors whose very laugh was a tonic and whose approaching footfall tended to moderate a tachycardia and reduce a pyrexia. Little as is yet known of psychotherapy, we do know that the sort of personality that inspires confidence and radiates optimism has a favorable effect on the morbid processes of the patient, irrespective of any drugs. This is the sort of thing that the Freudians mean when they speak of the transfer.

Such a physician, we fancy, is Dr. Gehring. The history of medicine is replete with instances of individual healers whose personality is such that their success with the neurotic and suggestible patient gradually gains for them a widening circle of disciples and admirers so that their fame becomes national and sometimes, as in the case of Coué, international. It is a becoming modesty which leads them to believe that there is doubtless something magical in their methods, which they then proceed to publish for the benefit of others. But, alas! transplanted from its native soil, the method is as many others; and we find that it was the man that cured.

So the physician who reads Gehring's book, believing that he will learn the secret of healing, will be disappointed. It is evident that Gehring himself does not know how he attains his results. Overlooking the fact that psychic disturbances, even the most ephemeral, invariably produce gastro-intestinal symptoms, he believes that the soul is in the solar plexus. Thus he says:

"The patient should be taught to keep in mind that the focal point of his psychic and emotional distress is invariably in his abdomen since it is there that the storm center resides, owing to the liability of disturbance to numerous ganglia."

Aside from this he uses a sort of superficial suggestion. His psychology is the old faculty psychology. To psychoanalysis he bows respectfully—and passes by on the other side. Sexuality is to him a somewhat distressing by-product of defective digestion. On page 124 he says: "The entire field of psychic research appears infinitely too vast to permit of conclusive deductions of a single factor type." Then he proceeds calmly to refer all of his patients' troubles to the digestive factor.

His book is, in short, the unsuccessful effort of a medical artist to explain his effects. He is much better than his book. All one can gather is, aside from the personal influence of benign personalities such as Dr. Gehring's, the hope of the variant is digestion plus suggestion. JOHN E. LIND

Sinbad

Sinbad. By C. Kay Scott. Thomas Seltzer. $2.

CONFESSION is human. Fiction writing is a craft. In face of this fusion of them by Mr. Scott one is forced into the Hedda Gabler role of wishing he had done it beautifully. The man who "possesses a psychic harem" and the people who "flippantly discuss art" make one's hair curl, especially those who toss off the names of Matisse, Cézanne, Greco & Co., Inc., as if the names belonged to the Republican Party or the Anti-Saloon League. Do people really talk this way, or is it only in American novels, when they fly the banners of modernism à la Craven, or lucubrate à la Scott? I suspect Mr. Scott of having wanted to throw the originals of some of his people out of the window. Instead, he tried to write them down for all time. Only, he has not made their sterility sufficiently convincing, as Knut Hamsun did with a similar group in "Shallow Soil" and as Artzibasheff did with bored provincials of Russia.

Mr. Scott's resentment interferes with both his autobiography and his fiction. He has fixed his attention upon his stuffy little Greenwich Village clique, has suffered in it, but failed to relate it to the relentless machine New York of which these unhappy people are a human phase. Mr. Scott seems desperately, even finely and sensitively trying to explain to himself the frustrations of unhappy man-and-woman imbroglios, but despite quotations at chapter heads from Spinoza, Dickens, Nietzsche, Hofmannsthal, Blake, Shelley, Borrow, Aristotle, Swift, Mother Goose, Sudermann, and others he does not convince that much is being added to interpretation of life in New York through the endless introversions and tortures of his protagonists. They do not transcend their pains. Neither, it seems, does Mr. Scott. That is not to deprive him of credit for an interesting venture. He has attempted Greenwich Village as he saw it, and has loosened the manner of writing he employed in "Blind Mice" to suit his new subject. "Sinbad" gives evidence that its author allowed himself to be persuaded by the resources of such prose as is derived from Gertrude Stein and other contemporaries. His insight into moments of struggling souls has loveliness. It is for such qualities rather than for complete realization of his intention that I am moved to look with interest for his new work. HERBERT J. SELIGMANN

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The Middle Ages

The Middle Ages. By Frantz Funck-Brentano. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

THIS is the volume on medieval France in the notable series known as The National History of France. The author, M. Funck-Brentano, who is also the editor of the series, is one of the most distinguished of living French critics and historians. From him we may expect an authoritative treatment of that picturesque and romance-laden age in which the culture of France was much the most attractive and significant.

As one might expect from the characteristic traits of French historians in general, and from the interests and earlier achievements of M. Funck-Brentano in particular, a large portion of the book, nearly one-half in total aggregate, is devoted to cultural, social, and economic history. The early epics, the culture of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the universities, the cathedrals, the minstrels, the work of architects, copyists, and painters, the manors, towns, and guilds are treated with remarkable charm, insight, and discrimination, and on the basis of the most evident acquaintance with the sources and mastery of the latest researches. Of these chapters, that on the medieval ecclesiastical architecture is, perhaps, the most adequate and illuminating.

The political history begins with the story of the evolution of the feudal monarchy out of the anarchy which followed the disintegration of the Roman power in Gaul. Unfortunately the author does not exploit the works of Fustel, Jullian, and Flach to indicate the continuity of Gallo-Romanic institutions in medieval France. The chapter on the evolution of feudal institutions and the feudal monarchy is notable for the emphasis placed on the family background of feudalism. In no other place has the reviewer noted so clear an exposition of this important point of view. In treating the details of political history, M. Funck-Brentano wisely organizes the majority of his material around the reigns and work of the great monarchs —the consolidation under Louis the Fat; Philip Augustus, Saint Louis, and the perfection of the feudal monarchy; Philip the Fair and the struggle against the Papacy; and the administrative reforms of Charles VII and Louis XI. In dealing with the Hundred Years' War the author has once more to consider the case of Jeanne d'Arc. She is justly portrayed as a patriotically inclined paranoiac who, after having rendered the indispensable service of uniting French sentiment behind Charles VII, became a nuisance by refusing to cease her military exploits, and who paid with her life for her irresponsibility and lack of self-control. While there are many entertaining anecdotes introduced in the narrative, the main purpose and net result of these chapters is to make clear the genesis and mutations of French political institutions during the medieval period.

The book is clearly and vividly written. It does not possess the severe analytical tone of some of the German and English works, nor is it distinguished for a continuous and smoothly flowing narrative. Rather it is written in the characteristic and delightful style of the French historians, well planned and organized chapters, profusely illuminated with countless illustrative episodes and anecdotes, usually drawn from contemporary chroniclers. What is lost in continuity of thought and logical marshaling of facts is gained in pictorial intensity and compelling interest.

While the author is appreciative of the beauty and romance of medieval French culture and portrays most effectively its major outlines, he does not hesitate to reveal beneath its chivalric, mystic, and romantic externals a basic sub-structure of shocking brutality, revolting cruelty, and repelling coarseness. While he is justly proud of *la Belle France* of the Middle Ages, there is in his narrative little of the nationalistic obsession of Raynouard. A national history of France from the pen of contemporary scholars like Funck-Brentano and Louis Madelin means something quite different from what it did a generation or two ago when produced by Jules Michelet and Henri Martin. For the first time we have available in English an up-to-date, reliable, and readable history of medieval France. Those who have been compelled hitherto to rely upon such books as Kitchin's History of France will best appreciate what this means.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Culture and Civilization

Kultur un' Civilizacia. By William Nathanson. Chicago: New Society.

THIS book is more significant for its implications than for its achievements. One of the earliest original works in Yiddish in the realm of aesthetics and metaphysics, it is to be welcomed as an expansion of the literature beyond belles lettres: "Culture and Civilization" is the first of a proposed "neo-socialism" series. It is, in the main, a revised version of a number of articles which the author published in the Yiddish press, unified by a definite thesis and supplemented by popularizations of Spinoza, Kant, and of contemporary philosophers. Mr. Nathanson's title might well have been "Culture versus Civilization," for he bases his critique of society and present-day institutions on the distinction between culture, the spiritual expression of mankind, and civilization, its physical and intellectual development. On this ground he points out the inadequacy of Marxian socialism as well as of the capitalistic organism. To those who are aware of the principles of the Russian Social-Revolutionary party the author's position will be familiar. Mr. Nathanson was a colleague of Dr. Jitlowsky, the intellectual leader of that party, and carries on his theories, tempered, to be sure, by the philosophy of Bergson, whose influence is evident throughout the volume.

J. J. SMERTENKO

A Pleasant Essayist

Occasions. By Holbrook Jackson. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

HOLBROOK JACKSON set himself a harder task in the production of a collection of miscellaneous essays than in the writing of his well-known book on "The Eighteen Nineties." In the latter case he was dealing with a singularly colorful period in English literature and art and with names that blazed like oriflammes—Beardsley, Wilde, Dowson, Symons, Crackanthorpe. The subject matter in itself was almost sufficient to insure the success of the book.

But to produce a distinctive book of essays on stock subjects —that is another matter. Most essays suggest antimacassars and polite conversation by ultra-respectable people sitting stiffly erect on horse-hair sofas and munching muffins. Or they throw up a picture of an old gentleman with his feet in carpet slippers, and a glass of hot toddy at his elbow, thinking aloud. A rich and virile talent is hardly likely to turn to essays on such standard topics as reading, gardens, fishing, or the town versus the country.

Mr. Jackson has divided his essays into four groups headed Landmarks, Prejudices, Adventures, and Books. In the first group we find our old friend Town; in the third such good old standbys as Woodfires and Talking About the Weather; the third division consists of the stock subjects Bookmen, The Uses of Books, Of Cheerful Books, and On Reading Aloud. It is difficult to say anything new on such matters. However, Mr. Jackson writes gracefully and lightly, shows a nice feeling for words, and frequently, as in his sketch of Marseilles, evokes atmosphere with considerable subtlety.

The publishers carefully printed the book on beautiful paper, chose the clearest of types, used a binding in excellent taste— and then clapped on a jacket containing a blurb which refers to the author's previous success, "The Eighteen Hundreds"!

REX HUNTER

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Books in Brief

The Bonadventure. By Edmund Blunden. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

Edmund Blunden went down to the sea in a coal tramp. He details the phenomena of a strange milieu with a gusto that is partly childlike joy and partly conscious quaintness. Throughout, the effect produced upon honest sailors by the young literary person in their midst bulks larger than his own reactions to them, to the ship, and to the ocean. They discuss art, literature, religion, the universe with him. They bring him poems of their own. He is asked to pass judgment upon drawings. Thus we are not allowed to forget that this journey from Cardiff to South America and return was undertaken by the poet and reviewer to recover his health which had been lost in the trenches. It is herein that the charm of the book lies, and it would be churlish not to yield to it. The reward is ample: a full share of Mr. Blunden's boyish delight in his adventure and a glimpse into the minds and the habits and the haunts of sailors on sea and ashore.

Free Thought and Official Propaganda. By Bertrand Russell. B. W. Huebsch, Inc. 75 cents.

This is a brilliant lecture by one of the few outstanding men in the world who have something of the mental outlook of the inhabitants of H. G. Wells's latest Utopia. With rapid vigor Mr. Russell traces, from his own life, the practical penalties England inflicts upon the religious freethinker. He suggests a "wish to find out" instead of William James's harmful "will to believe." He pays his respects to the late New York statute which would have debarred Washington or Christ from teaching in this advanced commonwealth. Education is briefly exposed as one of the chief obstacles to intelligence and the freedom of thought; propaganda—statements designed to make people believe such absurd propositions "as that Blank's Pills cure all ills, that Spitzbergen is warm, and that Germans eat corpses"—earns a merited castigation; and economic pressure is isolated as the chief preventive of freethought. It is the scientific temper that the author desires. From its use he foresees a serene skepticism which will render humanity immune from those "appeals to idealism by which decent people are induced to further the schemes of scoundrels." The study is brilliant, temperate, and sound.

Mystics and Heretics in Italy. By Emile Gebhart. Translated by Edward Maslin Hulme. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

The author of "Mystic Italy," a title twisted into "Mystics and Heretics in Italy," looks like a president of a Rotary Club, and writes like an inspired bookworm. He pictures Italy thrilled by the false dawns of that harsh day that came in with the Reformation. The quiet saint, Joachim of Flora, with his devastating "Third Testament," revealed after his death; the gentle son of Assisi, who preached to the grasshopper and the little birds; Gerard de Borgo-San-Donnino, whose "Eternal Gospel," blent of Joachim's words, was an earthquake throughout Christendom; Pietro the peasant, who hung up his cloak on a sunbeam in the presence of Gregory X; the rhapsodic poet Fra Jacopone of Todi, who walked, half naked, on all fours, saddled and bridled like an ass, and flung all his venom against the established church; Dante, shrewd dispraiser of institutionalized religion—these are the chief figures that wind through his thronged pages. There were as many wild voices then as today; but there was a silence beside them, where we have voices not so wild. The book is an authoritative and valuable summary of an hysteric age.

Behaviorism and Psychology. By A. A. Roback. University Bookstore, Harvard.

This is an impetuous scattering assault upon all forms of behaviorism—that modern interpretation of psychology which, in its purest form, holds that science is concerned not at all with mind, but that things called mental are properly reducible to a study of movements of limb and muscle and gland. It lacks clearness, taken alone; its points are only understood by the person familiar with the divergent nomenclatures and attitudes of the motley crew of behaviorists. Point after point is touched upon and dismissed in brief unpersuasiveness. The book lacks interest, except to those already upon the wordy battlefield to which it belongs. The chart at the end of the volume is more illuminating than many pages of text.

Galimathias. By Matthew Josephson. Broom.

These weird verses will be hailed as one of the masterpieces of today, as were "The Waste Land" and "Ulysses"; they are as grotesquely scrambled as either of them. There is a fascination about a poem concerning "The Goatherd with the Goiter"; and who can remain unmoved by lines as stimulating as:

> You are a sweet girl
> And I shall throw you into the river.
>
> my mother said to me my what flat feet you have Alfred
> my brother said to me my what flat feet you have Alfred
>
> o the sad bad glad mad never seven o
> o the ever why when where whither bother o
>
> O wheels that do not turn. O wheels in the brain cease to turn.
>
> This gesture of my hands was to crush yesterday the bald head of the man which is the prow of a ship with warts upon it.

It is original, ultra modern, and full of a cerise *Weltgeist.* It is magnificent—from the standpoint of the new non-intelligence; to sane people it is unimpressive raving.

Our American Humorists. By Thomas L. Masson. Moffat, Yard and Company. $2.50.

Commercialized American humor is as deadening a thing as Billy Sunday or appeals to the flag. One of its gentle ringmasters crudely pastes together his minor recollections of our well-paid funny men in this unimportant study.

Music

The Elder Singers

THE four most stunning song recitals (I use that tarnished term of musical commerce in its wide, inclusive sense, and I put aside those specimens offered by Feodor Chaliapin as *sui generis* and *hors concours*) that I heard amongst the innumerable entertainments so styled in the course of the music season of 1921-22 (for the four-part illustration circumstances compel me to hark back a year) were given, in the order of the giving, by Emma Calvé, Edmond Clément, Emilio de Gogorza, and Ernestine Schumann-Heink. Now, none of these singers was a recent "discovery" of manager or public. Mme Calvé had begun her career as a professional singer (according to the book) in 1882; the year of Mr. Clément's debut was 1889(?), of Mr. de Gogorza's 1897; Mme Schumann-Heink's emergence (as the contralto member of the solo quartet in the Ninth Symphony) dates back to 1876! I will not go into the delicate subject of the veritable ages in years, months, and days of these four singers, though the books give them specific birthdays and gossip gives them others. The truth may rest untroubled between them and their maker. But the length of a singer's career, like the reign of king or pope, is common property. Suffice it that at the time I am speaking of, Mme Calvé had thirty-nine years of public singing behind her, Mr. Clément thirty-two, Mr. de Gogorza twenty-five, and Mme Schumann-Heink forty-six!

These four veteran singers (for even Mr. de Gogorza, though a mere babe in comparison with the others, may be permitted on the strength of five and twenty years of service to qualify

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as a veteran) belong to the little group of accomplished vocalists that exemplify the high-water mark of vocal art in my years of observing the musical tides. But even the oldest of them is of a later period than the age of the great *bel canto*, those "palmy days" of Italian opera and Italian singing (the practitioners of which were not, of course, limited to Italians), from whose golden plenty there survived here and there a Patti or a Battistini to prove to the doubting ears of a younger day that the storied feats of that pre-innocent age were not wholly of the *consule Planco* order. And those elder singers have names and dates (even though the latter, where they concern births, are not altogether to be trusted); you have only to turn to the dictionaries of biography to find them in abundance. Now, it is pertinent and enlightening to compare in length the careers of the great ones of that older epoch with the careers of such singers as the four of my original thesis.

Certainly no singing woman is more securely a "name forever" than Maria Malibran, whose untimely death Musset laments in verse that it is absolutely safe and sane to call immortal. Malibran had won her abiding fame and was dead at twenty-eight. Cornélie Falcon, after whom every singer possessing a "dramatic soprano" voice has been known in France generically as a "falcon," had a stage career of just five years, losing her voice at the age of twenty-five, a loss she was destined to survive, however, for sixty years. Jenny Lind, of whose London debut the incomparable Chorley wrote, "the town, sacred and profane, went mad about the Swedish nightingale," actually sang in opera for only eleven years in all, retiring from the opera stage exactly two years and fourteen days after her sensational triumph in London, though she continued to sing on in concerts.

Giuditta Pasta, most famous of all Italian dramatic sopranos, the great lyric tragedian for whom Bellini wrote his "Norma," and also, curiously, his "Sonnambula," and Donizetti his "Anna Bolena," had an effective career in opera of only seven years. Her successor in the role of Norma and in general public esteem, Giulia Grisi, was regarded as a phenomenon because for twenty consecutive seasons she could return to Covent Garden, London, as a reigning prima donna. Pauline Viardot, the younger sister of Maria Malibran, and perhaps the most cultivated and "intellectual" woman who has ever sung in opera, was thought to have strained at the limits of decency itself in achieving an opera career of a quarter of a century, though when she retired to private life no one maintained that she was in less than full command of her extraordinary abilities as a lyric artist. What would her critics have said of Lilli Lehmann, who in the seventh decade of her age was still acclaimed as an unsurpassable Brünnhilde, Isolde, Norma, Donna Anna, and even Violetta in "La Traviata," and may, for all I know, be contemplating more singing in the Salzburg concerts of this very summer, though the official year of her birth was 1848; or of Adelina Patti of the countless and everlasting "farewells"?

It is true that some of the men of the "golden age"—Rubini, Mario, Tamburini, and Lablache among them—lasted longer in opera than the women, but those careers began when the singers were very young, and invariably ended before they had entered the seventh decade. One looks in vain for a Battistini still in full career at threescore years and ten, even as the women in no case compete in length of service with Lehmann and Patti, or even with Schumann-Heink, Sembrich, Nordica, Melba, and Calvé.

To return to my big four of the four "stunning" song recitals. It is undeniable that the years had made some difference. In the case of the women the vocal scale had lost two or three notes from the top. But lower down in the gamut it seemed to me there was compensation. The Calvé soprano had taken on a big, luscious richness rarely heard save in a contralto voice, and the Schumann-Heink contralto was positively heroic in the massive grandeur of its depth and strength. Wisely, neither woman attempted to sing music that ran above her safe and easy range.

Mr. de Gogorza, being but a youngster in that company, bore unflinchingly his lighter burden of years. By the count he should still be in his vocal prime, as well as in the ripe flowering of his excellent art. Mr. Clément, on the other hand, showed a perceptible damage. The last previous occasion on which I had heard him sing was a little over six years earlier at the Paris Opéra Comique in a performance of "The Barber of Seville" which was memorable for the vocal atrocities of the prima donna and the baritone and for the easy, graceful, polished delivery by Mr. Clément of Almaviva's florid measures. Now, of all voices the tenor is the most susceptible to the inroads of time. In the six years' interval Mr. Clément's voice had lost something of its former fluidity. At moments he had to summon all his extraordinary resources of technic and style to do things which a few years earlier had gone, seemingly, of themselves. But the very fact that his singing had become something of a *tour de force* made the study of its working more engrossing than ever. The mechanics of an art that had formerly concealed itself could now be glimpsed, and at times, even, clearly made out, and to the many in the audience with whom singing was more or less of a hobby the occasion assumed on that very account an importance quite special. At the same time the charm, the distinction, and the obviously superb accomplishment of the tenor were altogether sufficient to entrance the portion of the audience that went to hear him without any object more special than pleasure, even as those qualities had in the younger years when the voice itself was as liquid as the lark's.

The deduction is obvious from even such figures as I have given here that the veteran singer who is also a master-vocalist has a vogue in our day which he certainly had not in the "golden age" of Italian singing. In explanation of the current careers that last so late in the allotted span of man's existence, and even beyond it, I have heard the theory advanced that the life of a skilfully used voice, regarded as apart from the life of its possessor, has a pretty well-fixed norm; that, singing "correctly," one may reasonably expect to sing from fifteen to fifty, from twenty to fifty-five, from twenty-five to sixty, and so on through another decade. Alas for this attractive theory, the careers of too many singers flatly contradict it. Adelina Patti, still singing when she was upwards of seventy, made her professional debut at the age of sixteen, and in a role no less exacting than Lucia di Lammermoor, under the engaging *nom de guerre*, by the way, of "the little Florinda." Lilli Lehmann was a month short of seventeen when she made her professional debut. Mme Schumann-Heink, if the date given officially for her birth is to be believed, was not more than fifteen. But there is an explanation which seems to me self-evident, and also entirely adequate to all the circumstances.

In the "golden age" of *bel canto* the master-vocalist was so numerous a species that a poorly trained singer seems to have been the rare exception, for the good and simple reason, if for no other, that he was an unmarketable product. A technical equipment and a mastery of style that are seldom met with today were in those other days accepted as a matter of course; anything else was in flagrant violation of the rules of the game. Accordingly, when the mere voice of a singer began to lose its high notes, or otherwise to deteriorate in quality or power, his market value fell. Singers equally accomplished and possessed of undamaged voices were on hand in sufficient numbers waiting for the chance to step into his place. Such is far from being the state of affairs in this time of an indisputable decline in anything like a wide currency of *bel canto*. We cling greedily to the veteran singers simply because their art has become so rare as to be trebly precious, and the few of us who care genuinely for singing are haunted by the fear that once they are silent the *bel canto* we crave may have vanished forever from the ears of men.

PITTS SANBORN

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International Relations Section

The Trouble on the Saar

DISSATISFACTION with the somewhat anomalous regime established by the Treaty of Versailles in the Saar Valley has repeatedly been expressed by the German Government and the German inhabitants of that region. (See *the Nation* for March 14, 1923.) Friction came to a head last spring, and turned international attention to the Saar. A strike broke out in the coal mines. French troops, responsible not to the Governing Commission of the Saar but to the French Government, were used to maintain order. On March 7 the Governing Commission promulgated the stringent decree printed below, which later aroused world-wide protest. Mr. Branting of Sweden protested this decree before the Council of the League of Nations—to which the Governing Commission is responsible—at its session on April 23, but the League took no action. On May 10 the British House of Commons had a stormy session in which Mr. Asquith denounced the decree as a "monstrous specimen of despotic legislation" and "the greatest blow that has been struck at the moral authority of the League of Nations." The British Government thereupon announced its intention to suggest that the Council of the League appoint a committee to investigate the administration of the Saar. To this France objected. Meanwhile the Governing Commission, announcing that the strike emergency was past, rescinded the objectionable decree, the text of which, received from the League of Nations, is given below (The Old Saar Decree) for the first time in the United States, and substituted a new decree (also given below) which, however, is now declared by Germans and Sarrois to be almost as objectionable as the first.

The question came before the Council of the League on July 2. Lord Robert Cecil demanded a public inquiry, but finally agreed to a secret interrogation of members of the Governing Commission, which occurred on July 6. A committee representing the local bodies of the Saar was refused a hearing. On July 7 the Council adopted a resolution couched, as the Manchester *Guardian* put it, in "the milk-and-water terms of Interallied diplomacy." The resolution, the text of which follows, did not discuss the famous decree, which had been withdrawn. Lord Robert Cecil and M. Hanotaux made speeches of felicitation.

THE LEAGUE'S RESOLUTION

The Council of the League of Nations has been informed by the British Government of the proposal regarding the examination of the situation in the Saar district, and particularly the recent events which have given rise to the taking of extraordinary measures by the Governing Commission. The Council desired, by means of personal contact with all the members of the commission, to restrengthen the firm ties which ought to exist between the League of Nations and its representatives in the Saar.

The Council examined, in conjunction with the members of the commission, the principles of government in the Saar Basin established by the Treaty of Versailles. According to the treaty the Saar regime was set up in order to assure the rights and well-being of the population, and to guarantee France full liberty to work the French state mines, on which the prosperity of the country depends. In virtue of the instructions given to the Governing Commission when it was constituted on February 13, 1920, the commission is responsible to the League of Nations for the fulfilment of its functions in accordance with the stipulations of the Treaty of Versailles. The commission, of which the president is the executive officer, is always collectively responsible for the performance of duties which it may assign to any of its members with a view to facilitating the rapid solution of the problems of the government.

The Council considered it useless to discuss the provisional ordinance of March 7, this having already been withdrawn. As for the other extraordinary measures which the commission judged it necessary to take subsequently, the Council leaves it to the wisdom of the commission to decide when it will be convenient to revert to common law. The Council has learned with satisfaction of the amnesties recently granted by the Governing Commission. The Council appreciates the economic considerations which led the commission to introduce the franc as the only legal currency in the Saar.

With regard to the question of the maintenance of order, the Council has on several occasions declared its desire to dispense with the support of foreign garrisons as soon as the development of the local gendarmerie permits it. By its resolution of April 23, 1923, the Council took note of the measures already taken by the commission in this connection, and invited the commission to submit to it before the adoption of the budget for 1924-25 its program for the formation of the local gendarmerie.

The Council expresses once more to the Governing Commission its great appreciation of the administrative work accomplished during three and a half years in particularly difficult circumstances, and assures the commission of its full support in the accomplishment of the mission intrusted to it.

The Manchester *Guardian* commented upon this League resolution on July 9 as follows:

One may feel some disappointment that the principal scandal of the Saar administration, upon which total silence has been observed by the French press—namely, the actual constitution of the Governing Commission—has not been touched on. Possibly that will be remedied at the next meeting, in February, when the mandates of the commissioners will lapse unless renewed. Pending that date the Saarlanders will be well advised to submit themselves loyally to the rulings of the present "international" body, the composition of which may be once more recalled—a Frenchman, a Belgian, a "Dane" who lives in Paris and is for all practical purposes a Frenchman, a "Saarlander" who is a French nominee, and a Canadian who by a miracle is not a French Canadian. . . .

THE OLD SAAR DECREE

In pursuance of paragraphs 19 and 30 of Chapter II of the Saar Basin Annex to the Treaty of Peace of Versailles, and in pursuance of its decision dated March 7, 1923, the Governing Commission of the Saar territory hereby decrees as follows:

1. Penal Provisions

Article 1. Persons guilty of any of the following offenses, that is to say:

1. Committing or conspiring with others to commit acts of violence directed against members of the Governing Commission of the territory of the Saar Basin, or inciting to such acts of violence;

2. Approving or defending in public or at a meeting acts of violence committed against members of the Governing Commission of the territory of the Saar Basin and also rewarding persons guilty of such crimes, or aiding and abetting offenders or their accomplices (Penal Code, paragraph 257);

3. Taking part in secret meetings or meetings directed against the government of the territory (Penal Code, paragraphs 128 and 129) with intent to prejudice the regime set up in the Saar

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territory by the Treaty of Peace of Versailles, or aiding and abetting any member for the furtherance of that object by word or deed, and especially by financial assistance;

4. Becoming a member of a secret association or an association directed against the government of the territory (Penal Code, paragraphs 128 and 129), which is, or the members of which are, in illegal possession of arms;

5. Possessing or having the custody of a secret store of weapons and omitting to report to the authorities the place where such store is situated—for the purposes of this decree, rifles, mine-throwers, machine guns and automatic pistols shall be regarded as stores of munitions—

Shall, unless more severe penalties are elsewhere provided for, be liable to imprisonment for not less than three months and not more than five years.

In specially serious cases the offender shall be sentenced to imprisonment with hard labor.

In addition to imprisonment the offender may be liable to a fine not exceeding 50,000 francs.

ART. 2. Persons committing any of the following offenses shall be liable to imprisonment for a period not exceeding five years and, should the court so decide, to a fine not exceeding 10,000 francs:

1. In public or at a meeting (a) Casting discredit on the Treaty of Peace of Versailles; (b) insulting or traducing (1) the League of Nations, its members, or the states signatories of the Treaty of Peace of Versailles; (2) the Governing Commission, its members, organizations, or the officials responsible for the conduct of its administration;

2. Uttering threats or using insulting or defamatory language in public or at a meeting, calculated to prejudice the free and independent exercise of the rights conferred by paragraph 34 of Annex IV, Part III of the Treaty of Peace of Versailles.

3. Inciting or attempting to incite against each other—by threats, insults, slanders, or language calculated to bring the persons or institutions referred to into disrepute and under conditions capable of leading to a breach of the public peace—the various elements forming the population of the territory of the Saar, irrespective of their original nationality.

4. Insulting the colors of the Governing Commission in public or at a meeting.

5. Omitting to report immediately to the authorities the existence of any secret store of munitions of which a person may be aware, except in cases where the giving of such information would render the ascendants or descendants, brothers and sisters or husband or wife of that person themselves liable to punishment. The benefit of this proviso shall be granted to priests and ministers of religion, lawyers or physicians who have been intrusted with such information in the exercise of their profession or vocation. Under such circumstances paragrah 2, No. 5 of Article 1 shall apply.

ART. 3. In addition to the penalty inflicted for an offense against Article 1 a fine, the maximum of which is not established, shall be imposed.

Moreover, the accused may, by order of the court, be forbidden to reside in certain parts of the Saar territory or in certain places therein for a period not exceeding one year. Persons who have been convicted and who do not possess the status of a Saar inhabitant shall be expelled.

Offenses against paragraph 2 of this article shall be punishable by imprisonment.

ART. 4. A sentence of imprisonment with hard labor passed in respect of any one of the punishable offenses specified in Article 1 shall, in addition to the subsidiary penalties provided for in Article 31 of the Penal Code, entail *ipso jure* the loss of rights acquired through public elections, and in the case of officials the loss of their salary, or if they have retired from service the forfeiture of their pensions.

In the case of offenses specified in Article 1 or of any contravention of the provision of Article 2, in respect of which imprisonment is inflicted as penalty, the court may decree the loss of public appointments, the permanent or temporary suspension of the right to discharge the duties connected with such appointments, and the partial or total forfeiture either temporarily or permanently of any salary or pension derived therefrom. Nothing in this paragraph shall prejudice the provisions applicable to the loss of the rights conferred by public elections.

ART. 5. Legal proceedings may be brought against any person for offenses under Articles 1 and 2, even if such offenses have been committed outside the Saar territory.

II. JURISDICTION

ART. 6. A special chamber of the Saarlouis Supreme Court shall be instituted, which shall have power to hear and determine finally prosecutions for the offenses referred to in Articles 1 and 2.

This court shall consist of five members, including the president. They shall be appointed annually by the president of the Governing Commission, on the advice of the member of the Governing Commission responsible for the Department of Justice. An equal number of deputies shall be appointed under the same conditions from among the members of the Supreme Court or the courts of first instance (*magistrats d'instance*).

The procurator general officiating in the Saarlouis Supreme Court shall act as representative of the public prosecutor's department.

The procedure before the Supreme Court shall be the same as that applicable in the police court of the district tribunal.

The procurator general may instruct the principal public prosecutor at Saarbrück to institute proceedings.

III. PROHIBITED MEETINGS

ART. 7. Meetings, processions, and demonstrations may be prohibited when public feeling is so excited that there may be reasonable grounds for apprehending that language of a nature to constitute an offense under Articles 1 and 2 will be used at such demonstrations. Societies and meetings at which language of this nature is used and societies and meetings the object of which would render them liable to punishment under Articles 1 and 2 may be prohibited and dissolved.

A copy of the decision authorizing such prohibition or suspension with a statement of the reasons therefor must be issued free of charge and without delay to any party concerned who may apply for it.

ART. 8. The provisions of Article 7, paragraph 1, shall not apply to meetings held previous to the elections to the advisory council, to circuit councils, and communal councils, or to any other elected council which is intended to represent an organization recognized by law during the electoral period.

ART. 9. Meetings, even under the conditions laid down in Article 8, may be prohibited when offenses against Articles 1 and 2 are committed and permitted at these meetings.

ART. 10. The member of the Governing Commission responsible for the Department of the Interior will appoint the appropriate authority to take the measures provided for in Articles 7 to 9.

ART. 11. In the event of the dissolution of an association or society the property of such association or society may be seized and confiscated.

ART. 12. Persons committing any of the following offenses shall be liable to imprisonment and, if the court so decide, to a fine not exceeding 10,000 francs:

1. Organizing meetings, assemblies, and processions forbidden under Article 7 and subsequent articles, or speaking at such meetings, assemblies, and processions;

2. Retaining membership of societies dissolved under Article 7, paragraph 2, or furthering or assisting them in any other manner.

For the purposes of this article, any ostensibly new society which in point of fact has only been founded to replace a former society shall be regarded as a dissolved society.

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IV. Seizure and Prohibition of Printed Matter

Art. 13. The stipulation of Articles 23 to 25 of the imperial press law of May 7, 1874, regarding the provisional seizure of printed matter, shall apply to the offenses specified in Articles 1 and 2, subject to the following provisions:

1. In Article 24, paragraph 1 of the press law of May 7, 1874, the words "District Court (*Tribunal Régional*) shall be substituted for the words "Competent Court" (*Tribunal Compétent*);

2. Article 25 of this law shall be amended to read as follows: "The public prosecutor's office may appeal against the decision of the District Court on the question of the validity of the temporary seizure. This appeal shall have the effect of suspending all proceedings."

The special chamber of the Saarlouis Supreme Court referred to in Article 6 shall be authorized to hear these appeals.

Art. 14. Any periodical publication containing matter which constitutes an offense under Articles 1 and 2 may be suppressed for a period not exceeding four weeks in the case of daily newspapers and not exceeding six months in other cases.

Any ostensibly new periodical which in point of fact is issued merely for the purpose of insuring the publication of a suspended periodical in a new form shall also be suppressed.

The suppression shall be published in the form of an order by the member of the Governing Commission responsible for the Department of the Interior.

Art. 15. Any person printing, issuing, publishing, or circulating a printed periodical which has been prohibited under Article 14 shall be liable to imprisonment. He may also be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding 10,000 francs.

V. Appeal Procedure

Art. 16. An appeal may be made against the orders issued by the member of the Governing Commission responsible for the Department of the Interior, or the decisions taken by him or his representative, under Article 7 *et seq.*, and Article 14 of this decree within a period of fifteen days from the date on which the order has been notified, or on which a copy of the decision has been submitted to the High Administrative Court of the Saar territory, which will then proceed to hear the appeal in the customary manner.

VI. Final Provisions

Art. 17. All provisions contrary to this decree are hereby canceled.

Art. 18. This decree shall come into force on March 12, 1923.

Art. 19. This decree shall be submitted for the consideration of the elected representatives of the people at their first session following its publication.

For the Governing Commission,

(Signed) V. Rault, Chairman, Councilor of State

Saarbrück, March 7, 1923

THE NEW SAAR DECREE

The Governing Commission in pursuance of paragraphs 19, 23, and 30 of Chapter II of the Saar Basin Annex to the Treaty of Peace of Versailles, and in pursuance of its decision dated June 18, 1923, hereby decrees as follows:

Section 1. After consultation with the elected representatives of the population regarding the provisional decree dated March 7, 1923, that provisional decree is annulled and the following provisions are substituted.

Sect. 2. Except as hereinafter provided no restriction is imposed on the freedom of the press and of speech, or on the right of holding meetings and forming associations, in the form in which those rights are established by the laws and regulations in force in the Saar territory.

Sect. 3. Any person who, by means of printed matter or at a public meeting, shall attack in a manner calculated to lead to a breach of the public peace the regime set up in the Saar territory by the Treaty of Peace of Versailles shall be liable to the penalties in paragraph 18 of the press law of May 7, 1874.

The foregoing provisions shall apply in particular to any person (1) insulting or traducing the Governing Commission, any of its members, organizations, or the officials responsible for the conduct of its administration in the discharge of their duties; (2) inciting or attempting to incite against each other the various elements forming the population of the territory of the Saar, irrespective of their original nationality.

Sect. 4. Any printed matter, the contents of which constitute the offense defined in section 3, may be seized in accordance with Article 23 of the press law of May 7, 1874.

Sect. 5. Paragraph 1 of Article 24 of the press law of May 7, 1874, shall be amended as follows: The words "District Court" (*Tribunal Régional*) shall be substituted for the words "Competent Court" (*Tribunal Compétent*).

Article 25 of this law shall be amended to read as follows: "The public prosecutor's office may appeal against the decision of the District Court on the question of the validity of the temporary seizure. This appeal shall have the effect of suspending all proceedings."

Sect. 6. The circulation within the Saar territory of any printed matter published outside the territory may be prohibited.

The publication, exposure for sale, and circulation of any printed matter appearing in the Saar territory may be suspended for a period not exceeding one month, if such printed matter contains articles which constitute the offense defined in section 3.

Any ostensibly new printed matter which in point of fact is issued merely for the purpose of insuring the publication of suspended printed matter in a new form may also be suppressed.

The suppression shall be published in the form of an order by the commissioner responsible for the Interior.

Sect. 7. Any person printing, issuing, publishing, or circulating printed matter which has been prohibited under the preceding section shall be liable to the penalties prescribed in paragraph 18 of the press law of May 7, 1874.

Sect. 8. An appeal against any order issued by the member of the Governing Commission responsible for the Interior under section 6, sub-paragraph 2, may be made within a period of one week from the date on which the order has been notified to the High Administrative Court, which will then proceed to hear the appeal in the customary manner. Such appeal shall not have the effect of suspending proceedings.

Sect. 9. Any public meeting which is manifestly intended to prejudice the regime set up in the Saar territory by the Treaty of Peace of Versailles, or any association with the same object may be prohibited or dissolved by a decision of the director of public safety.

A copy of the decision authorizing such prohibition or dissolution, with a statement of the reasons therefor, must be issued free of charge and without delay to any party concerned who may apply for it.

The decision of the director of public safety must be confirmed within twenty-four hours by an order by the member of the Governing Commission responsible for the interior.

Any party concerned may appeal to the High Administrative Court against the confirmatory order in the form and within the period prescribed in section 8. Such appeal shall not have the effect of suspending proceedings.

Sect. 10. Any infringement of the provisions of sub-paragraph of the preceding paragraph shall be punishable by the penalties laid down in paragraph 18 of the press law of May 7, 1874, without prejudice to any proceedings against the members of the prohibited or dissolved associations under sections 128 and 129 of the Penal Code.

Sect. 11. Any sentence passed in virtue of Sections 3 and 10 shall, at the request of the public prosecutor's office, be published at the expense of the convicted party, in the form and within the period fixed by the court which pronounces the sentence.

Sect. 12. This decree shall come into force on the date of its publication in the *Official Journal.*

(Signed) V. Rault, President of the Governing Commission

Saarbrück, June 18, 1923

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